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## THE STOCKTON MANSION, AT PRINCETON.

THE Princeton streets are old, gray, and venerable, to the full satisfaction of any American sentiment; and the man must be blind or a "plucked" student who finds it possible to set foot under the aged trees and to walk in the sweet, melancholy shade without a sensation of being fully rested.

an impress upon the new-comer that is very welcome.

The roads are of earth, and the noise of the wheels is hushed. Upon every side are retirement, coolness, and silence. There is one road that the saunterer is sure to take at the outset, for it is very beautiful; it is like

It is all right that there is a fence of the style of 1830 or thereabout—three white rails pierced by upright rods projecting at the top about eight inches, and supported by slim, square posts with ornaments like college-caps; and it is also all right that the fence is not in the best of order—a leaning here and



THE STOCKTON MANSION.

The gravity that pervades all things; the old-style gardens that have more greenery than color; the house-fronts that are sleepily closed against stray sunlight that may flow down through rifts in the tree-tops; the great, towering buildings of the college, whose gates open upon the very town—make

a monastery-corridor; and it winds like a stream.

A little way along is the Stockton House, an ancient dwelling that the children playing in the mud in the wheel-ruts know all about and run to show you, the indulgence of their civic pride doing ample duty for a *pour-boire*.

there, a stagger of the gates; this, the moss on the roof, the white hair of the patriarch, are suggestions of age that are valued highly by the stroller.

Within the crippled entrances are trees that know about matters there is no record of, either upon memory, or parchment, or

paper, or any thing else. There are others, of younger lineage, who came in with the Declaration, and with the visit of Washington, and with the War of 1812, if I remember right, and I doubt not with every other national event worth marking in so good a way.

The grandfathers always planted trees and protected them with severity, especially one who had a notion about English park-landscape. He looked after his saplings, his monarchs, and his corpses, all over the great estate, with the eye of an artist and the rigor of an owner. Before he died, the place was a marvel of beauty; its soft slopes were adorned with a grace that made them famous.

But another grandfather, who had penetrated into the Old World as far as Holland, brought back notions about Dutch gardening which were nearly entirely opposite to those of the gentleman who had gone before. He got axes and began to hew right and left, and to plant a lot of trees of shorter kinds, and to make curious bush-houses and walks, which set the whole family by the ears.

But there was one onslaught upon the treasured trees that no one took offense at—indeed, it was esteemed an honor that they should be so maltreated. The patriot army established their camp in such a way that it became necessary to cut a road for the transportation of supplies straight through the broad domain, taking in its course a magnificent grove. The thing was done with the hearty consent of the ardent rebel owners, and to this day they point to the honorable scar upon the place, and would like to believe that the trees did not grow again out of regard for the sacrifice; that the gods of the woods said, "Here is a tolerably heroic concession to love of country—suppose we make a monument to it by not making a monument at all!" So there are no trees whatever upon the old road, and romance is the richer for it.

But of the great elms, pines, sycamores, that tower up everywhere, a gazer can say nothing except in verse. Poetry demands poetry. The number of trees that have been made famous by divine imaginings are altogether too few, and these, for their shapes and heights, are worthy to swell the list. They rise out of groves as a man rises above his group of children, and their grand, green boughs of verdure swing in the strong wind with the same motion that a ship swings upon the sea; one beholds them far up in the air with something very like veneration.

The members of the Stockton family who emigrated from England were Quakers, and were strict members of the sect. Love stepped in, however, and made little work of overturning notions. Some of the marriageable men took Southern maidens to themselves for wives, though not until the house had become possessed of enormous tracts of land by purchase from William Penn.

Up to the time when Episcopalian girls began to marry the sons, the plain customs of the simpler religionists were naturally followed; but after the invasion matters took a kindlier aspect, and there was a very different sort of jollity, and a different sort of gravity, for that matter, in the hospitable mansion.

With a good old fidelity to family precedent, all the christenings, marriages, and funerals of the branch of the family that has occupied the house, took place in one of the main parlors, a room which it is not likely that one can enter without feeling the weight of its history. It is by no means a grand parlor, yet it has the air of immense dignity.

There are a score of engravings that illustrate scenes in the life of Washington, the experience of the rugged settlers of the country, and the battles of the early wars, that find welcome places upon such walls as these. For instance, in this old-fashioned parlor there is that florid picture of Washington surrounded by ladies and trampling upon flowers, riding on the Battery, with his head uncovered, and the old, well-known look of supreme calm upon his broad features; also that Lexington battle-scene, with the handsome patriots fiercely loading and fiercely firing at a file of British a little below, while handsome, patient wives, young and old, come flying down to their goodmen's sides with outstretched arms, and with all the fire of love and agony in their blazing eyes; also the death-bed of Webster, shadowy and sad, with the grand figure of the dying man expounding yet a little more in the glow of the falling sun. In a little frame is a fine engraving of Commodore Stockton in full dress, erect, warlike, with his sword upon his left arm, and his huge gold epaulets swelling out a figure already fine and commanding.\* This little picture of a warrior—and a family warrior—suggests to one that wide-spread romanticism that is attached to what we may now safely call our old times. It is to be found in all of the old thirteen States, and it is sweetly and tenderly cherished, often with reminders that are homely, but always sincerely and lastingly. There is hardly a township, certainly no county, of two hundred years of age, that has not within its limits some ancient mansion set amid ancient trees, where live, in stunted grandeur, perhaps, some white-haired remnant of an old-time house, proud of some war-record made in the days of the Indian fights, or the Revolution, or the days of '12, or in the

battles in Mexico by some brave son, whose yellow letters and strange attire kept in some honored room, have long since grown to be household gods.

That one great, towering hero of arms—the hero whom we are now being taught to love and regard more deeply than ever—paid this house one of those consecrating visits of his, and left a glow behind him that shines in the venerable faces of the relations even to this day, when they allude to the general. The grandmother of the Revolution sent many letters to Washington, and when he achieved a success she wrote him an ode, which he invariably answered—sometimes in a jolly verse, but more frequently in a fair prose which did credit to his sense as well as his industry. It is indeed touching to learn of these little evidences that the anxious and harassed general-in-chief was surrounded by a protecting and encouraging atmosphere of support. It must have been a grateful intrusion upon his rougher duties when there arrived such reminders that the nicer sentiments of his friends were all alive, and that the struggle he was making was invested with something besides the hearty interest of men alone. That the secretly foreboding man needed all such sustaining is painfully clear; and that he could stop in the hurry of his camp, and with his own hand pen a reply to such kindly messages, is sufficient proof that there were hidden places in his breast that craved a different solace from that he derived from the thanks of Congress or the praise of soldiers.

There was in the house a "Signer." It would not have been complete without him. Richard Stockton had a smooth, finely-colored portrait taken of himself, with his face wrought wonderfully high on the canvas, a position that enabled the painter to make a tremendous deal of his body, and, when the British entered the town and overran the Stockton place, they cut the throat of the painting in lieu of that of the real gentleman, who was absent.\* This barbaric injury,

\* Richard Stockton had rendered himself excessively obnoxious to the British by his participation in the Declaration of Independence. It is said that he was at first doubtful of the policy of such a course, but in the end cordially supported the movement. He was appointed the same year one of a committee to inspect the Northern Army and report its condition to Congress, and, after his return to New Jersey, was captured by the enemy, and confined in the common prison in New York. Congress interfered and procured his exchange, but the severity of the treatment to which he had been subjected was the cause of his death, which occurred in 1781. He was one of the most brilliant lawyers at the American bar, and one who would never engage in a cause except upon the side of justice and honor. He was of the notable seven who composed the first class that graduated from Princeton College on the memorable day when Rev. Aaron Burr was elected its president. He studied law with Judge David Ogden, of Newark. In 1766 he visited England, where he was the recipient of distinguished courtesies, and where he succeeded in performing valuable services for the province of New Jersey. Upon his return he was escorted with great ceremony to his residence by the people, by whom he was much beloved. He was shortly afterward made a member of the governor's council of New Jersey, and appointed Judge of the Supreme Court. His son Richard (the father of the commodore), born in this house in 1764, was a distinguished lawyer and statesman. For more than

\* Commodore Richard Field Stockton was born under this roof in 1766. His career was specially interesting. He entered the navy in 1811 as a midshipman, and became the aid to Commodore Rodgers on board the frigate *President*, winning honorable notice for gallantry in several battles while yet a mere boy. At nineteen years of age he was first-lieutenant of the *Spitfire* in the Mediterranean, and distinguished himself by boarding with a boat's crew an Algerine war-vessel. His life was a succession of daring and successful exploits. He was one of the first to advocate a steam-navy; he had given much attention to gunnery and naval architecture, and finally originated a war-steamer, which was built under his immediate supervision in 1844, and, although pronounced impracticable by the naval constructors, it proved to be superior to any war-vessel at that time afloat, and furnished substantially the model for numerous others, not only in this but in foreign countries. The next year he was sent to the Pacific, where, with a small force and amid many romantic and thrilling adventures, he conquered California, and established the government of the United States within her boundaries. He was afterward a member of the Senate of the United States, where, among many other noble deeds, he procured the passage of a law for the abolition of flogging in the navy.

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inevitably suggesting as it does a real act upon the flesh, lends a very curious interest to the placid and handsome face as it gazes down a little superciliously, one may fancy, upon a poor generation who run no risks, and who are not called upon to jeopardize their heads for their country's sake.

Alas for human vanity! how quickly does this treasure, the "Signer," come to the surface in all chat in these old houses! How softly yet how plainly is the pearl dropped into the stream of talk, and how delightful is the satisfaction when the visitor, startled by the brilliant fact, awakens and says with a true reverence, "Ah, tell me—tell me about him!"—gently running ashore upon his curiosity, and at once sticking there in spite of himself! He knows that there is enough to hear, yet, being too ignorant to draw out the tale, simply arouses all his faculties, and learns how the man dared at Philadelphia, and the wife dared by post, and the daughters dared by postscripts, and the sons dared by oaths, and by whipping out old swords that had done bloody work on the border long before. Indeed, a "Signer" is a grand figure, and to pose a little in his shadow does not come amiss in the bravest of his descendants; to be sure, every act must pale a little before his one act, yet there is no weeping mother to-day who treasures perhaps a cap with a shattered visor, and a rusty sword, and a letter of praise from "the commander of his corps," as she does her life, who does not think twice lest she wrongfully award the meed of praise for the sake of love.

Bound up with the events of the Stockton family is the Princeton College. The influence of the one runs all through the other, and there is a little back-light thrown upon the venerable school from the private house, and in a very curious way, too. When the dread regulars approached the town, young Annis Stockton, naturally dwelling upon secrets, bethought her of Whig Hall, one of the two great fraternity buildings of the college. There is another fraternity building, cold, impenetrable, Doric, like the first, and it is said that no man, living or dead, ever went into both structures. The secrets of both are rigidly kept, and the archives must rot in the closets. But it occurred to the venturesome young lady that the Britishers, though by no means women, should not be permitted at least to act like men. So, in the dead of night and quaking with fear of patriots as well as rebels, for she would be likely to make but a sorry face were she detected in her mingled sin and heroism, she obtained admittance to the gloomy hall, and, with bated

breath, it may be hoped, stole every file and scrap of paper she could find, made off with them, and hid them effectually.

After the storm had blown over, the unhappy Whigs raised a hue and cry, for it was reasonably clear that the history of all their enormous transactions was afloat in the air. But forward came sweet Miss Annis, with every thing complete, inviolate.

It is to be fancied, however, that the unlucky Whigs, instead of being transported with joy, were dashed into the bottomless pits of consternation—although they doubtless smiled—for had not their papers been in the hands of one of the whispering kind? There was no guarantee—there could be none—that she had not "peeked." What did they do? They lamented a while, and then acted like diplomats. They begged Miss Annis to become a Whig! Magnificent concession—not to the sex, but to gaunt suspicion! She laughed with delight, and they made her a member in very hot haste, lest she should run off and tell her neighbors all about it, and blow the venerable society, with its relics and ceremonials and all its appurtenances, into the sky.

But she stood firm against all temptation during her brief career, and they tell stories of the delight with which she used to receive deputations from the club, and, leading them away from her curious companions, listen with ostentatious delight to their "society secrets," which they told her as in honor bound.

Upon a few little quiet annals such as these does the romance of the house rest. There is a good, strong list of very prominent men—men of the professions and men of war—who give it its honor, and its personal graces are plenty enough. There are many such grave and retired spots all up and down the Atlantic coast, perched upon headlands looking far off upon the sea, or standing upon the brow of wooded hills, showing broad and pillared fronts to the country around and below, or half hiding, as the Stockton House does, in the midst of a town, with the world's people at its very gates. Search for them, friend stroller, and fill up your book with rare notes, and walk awhile in the atmosphere of your country's earlier history—it is amazingly good for one dizzied with change and progress.

### SUSANNE GERVAZ;

A MAID OF THE GÉVAUDAN.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER III.

THE report was soon circulated that Costerousse and his man Perondi had quarreled, and the cause of the quarrel was said to be money. What remained a more absorbing and far less agreeable topic was the increasing intimacy between Susanne and Perondi. The peasants were furious, and the report ere long reached M. d'Estézac, who had just arranged a hunting-party to meet at Jacques Boucard's house, up to this time locked.

On the same day Susanne left home and

began her wanderings. A white frost silvered the fern; the thrushes were grouped on the ash-trees, and the jays flew from tree to tree, fluttering their blue feathers in the sunshine. The girl went as usual toward the farm-house of Anselme Costerousse, her eyes fixed before her, but her ears listening. When she thought that she heard the steps of a shepherd or wood-cutter, she glided behind a bush, and evidently wished to conceal her movements. All at once Matteo Perondi came out of a thicket and stood before her, the place being midway between the "Priest's Inclosure" and the farm. He was the picture of passionate love.

"Susanne," he said, "I am going in three days. This evening I intend to settle my business with Costerousse, and, if he don't act as he ought to, enough said! And now—I am not going alone—am I to live or die?"

He stopped, breathing heavily. His eyes were hollow and his cheeks burning. She made no reply, and turned away indifferently—at which his love seemed to become a wild sort of frenzy.

"You trifle with me!" he cried, "and think you can brave me! I am as crazy as you are! You shall not escape me! I would rather have you hate me than despise me in this way! I am lost!—this is worse than death!"

He seized her arm violently. At the same moment a carbine-shot was heard in the thicket, and a bullet flattened itself on the tree-trunk above them.

"That was meant for me!" exclaimed the Piedmontese; "why did it miss me?"

"Go—go away, quick!" cried Susanne, with sudden excitement.

"Shall I see you again?"

"Yes."

He fled, and Susanne hastened to the spot from which the shot had issued. It had been fired by Pierre Vialat, who hated Perondi bitterly.

"Wretch!—so you tried to kill me!" Susanne exclaimed.

"To kill you!—no, Susanne! Didn't you see that my ball struck ten feet above your head? I intended to warn that scoundrel what he had to expect—and he had caught hold of your arm! O Susanne! think what you are doing! As to this Piedmontese, if I meet him alone, I'll settle my account with him!"

"I order you not to touch him!" cried Susanne, with violence.

"Ah! you love him!—this is frightful!" he added; "her weak-headedness has turned in that direction!—Susanne," he continued, addressing her directly, "you have friends, true friends, as much mortified as I am. They sent me to say—"

"Friends? Whom do you mean?"

"M. d'Estézac, and his brother-in-law, M. de Ribière, and madame. They are at the hunting-lodge."

"I will go there!" she exclaimed, and went along rapidly, followed by Pierre. She soon reached the house, and entered proudly, with her head erect—Pierre whispering to the company what had just occurred. Madame de Ribière shook her head.

a quarter of a century he was at the head of the bar of New Jersey, and was esteemed one of the most eloquent orators of his day. He was in Congress for many years, and was several times talked of for the presidency. In 1825 he was a commissioner from New Jersey to negotiate the settlement of an important territorial controversy between that State and New York, and penned the proposed agreement appended to the report. He was an elegant gentleman of the old school, witty and charming in conversation, and abounding in reminiscences of wild scenes of terror, of which the destruction of his father's carefully-chosen and costly library in this ancient dwelling was but one of many.



"My child," she said to Susanne, "can you understand me? You know that I love you. Why have you chosen this vagabond Perondi for your companion? You have done so, have you not?"

"Yes, madame."

"She acknowledges it! And you even told Pierre that he must not touch this man?"

"That is true."

"And why? But I am speaking to a person of weak mind!"

"I have chosen Matteo Perondi and not another," was the cold reply.

"And why, unhappy girl? why have you done so?"

"Why?"

She began to laugh—it was a nervous, shrill sound—the laughter of an insane person.

"Because Matteo Perondi is the farm-hand of Anselme Costerousse."

"But—?"

"And the farm of Anselme Costerousse is near—is near—"

"Ah, I understand," whispered M. de Ribière; "she imagines these people may know something of the crime Jacques was charged with!"

This explanation produced a sudden revulsion in Madame de Ribière's feelings, and she threw her arms around the girl, tenderly pressing her to her breast.

"Pardon me, my child!" she said, "now I understand every thing. Your deep love for that poor young man—the horrible catastrophe—the cruel scenes which have de-throned your intellect—these have left you but one idea, one luminous point in the general chaos—to show that Jacques was innocent! Attracted by the vague hope of discovering at the scene of the crime some trace of the real assassin, you have persisted in haunting the vicinity, and have there met this man Perondi. You perhaps fancy him the guilty one—your poor brain takes suspicion for evidence! You seek proofs, but do you know, my child, the danger you expose yourself to?"

M. d'Estézac had remained silent, listening keenly to all that was uttered.

"Pierre Vialat!" he now called. The man hastened into the room.

"What is the character of this Matteo Perondi?"

"O monsieur! a wretch—a go-barefoot!—a gallows-bird!"

"Well—and this Anselme Costerousse?"

"No better than his man, sir."

"What are his circumstances?"

"Well, last year, before the murder of Simon Vernon, he was as poor as a mouse; now they say he is buying horses, and paying all his back rents."

"That will do, Pierre; you can go." And, turning to M. de Ribière, he added, "What do you say to this, my dear Ribière?"

"What do I say to it?" said the judge, evidently a prey to great agitation; "what can I say? Why has no one thought of these two men? Why has no one suspected them? And yet what can we do? Are there any grounds to proceed upon? There is the process, the trial, the verdict of the jury; and,

on the other side, nothing but the fancy of this poor girl, whose mind is eternally vacillating between light and darkness. Alas! these fancies are far from proofs."

Susanne had listened with her head leaning on Madame de Ribière's shoulder. At these words her head rose suddenly.

"I have the proofs!" she exclaimed; "I will bring them to you to-morrow!"

M. de Ribière shook his head, but, to humor her, said:

"Why not this evening?"

"Perhaps," she said, feverishly, and, leaving the apartment abruptly, she disappeared.

"It is a miracle!" exclaimed Madame de Ribière.

"Alas, no!" returned her husband; "it is merely a dream of this poor girl. She is possessed by a fixed idea—her monomania reasons admirably up to a certain point, but then a single word, a breath, again obscures all!"

As he spoke, a pure and musical voice was heard singing beneath the window—

"These mountains will not let me see—  
They will not let me see my lover!"

M. d'Estézac remembered that wild song when Susanne escaped from him into the Margeride. He hastened to the window. She was passing along the terrace, and her beautiful eyes flashed as she gazed at him over her shoulder. He saluted her with a wave of the hand and turned to his companion.

"Ribière," he said, "I told you a year ago that Jacques was innocent. I now tell you that Susanne is not insane!"

Let us now follow the young girl. Where was she going? What was her design? She scarcely knew, but a secret voice whispered that the supreme hour was approaching.

In spite of the November chill, the day had been beautiful. The sun was smiling; the country seemed deserted; Susanne encountered not a single human being; but, as she approached the spot where she was accustomed to meet Perondi, he issued from a thicket, and stood before her. His face was gloomy, and his hollow eyes burned.

"Which of your lovers was it that was watching and fired on me to-day?" he said, fiercely.

"I know nothing about it," she said, in a cold tone.

"And where are you going?"

"Going? I am going nowhere. Yes, the evening is bright, I am going to ramble; come with me."

He looked at her in astonishment, for she spoke with suppressed animation. Following a path, and accompanied by the Piedmontese, she came to a clump of pine-trees and filberts, and suddenly stopped.

"Do you see these trees?" she said. "The day after the murder of Simon Vernon, his friends met me here, and insulted me, and nearly stoned me. They said Jacques murdered Simon, and that I was his sweetheart."

Perondi turned pale, and gnawed his lip, but said nothing.

"They followed me," continued the girl,

"crying, 'Down with her! It was for love of her that Jacques murdered Simon!'"

The Piedmontese shrunk back, but Susanne caught him by the arm, and they thus reached Jacques Boucard's house.

"I remember this place," she said, dreamily; "it was here that he was arrested, and I was confronted with him; they followed him with cries of hatred; they made me lie and dishonor myself!"

The Piedmontese did not raise his eyes from the ground. His brows were knit, and he remained silent.

"Here they found the footprints under the window," she went on; "they said they were of different sizes, but that was a mere fancy. There is the room where—under a lounge—they found—what was it they found? Oh, yes, a bloody belt."

The man again shrunk from her, and she wandered on, Perondi mechanically following her. The sun was now near the horizon. Dark clouds had risen, and chased each other across the sky, driven by the chill wind of the autumn evening. The red light bathed the summits of the pines, and threw long shadows on the mountain. All at once the path which they were following stopped at a rough wall, overshadowed by cypress-trees—they had reached the "Priest's Inclosure."

Susanne entered the inclosure through a breach in the wall, rather dragging Perondi than merely leading him. His strength seemed exhausted. His limbs shook under him, and he closed his eyes, as though to shut out some horrible vision. At the end of the inclosure, at a few paces from the wall, was seen a slight swelling of the earth, upon which had been erected a cross of black wood. The girl dragged Perondi to the spot—he moved like a machine rather than a man. The shadows of the great cypress-trees slept like a mourning-veil over the place—there was a noise of wings in the air above—the night-birds began to utter their funeral cries.

"This is the 'Priest's Inclosure,'" said Susanne. "Do you see this cross of black wood? It marks the spot where Simon Vernon fell under the blows of his assassins."

Perondi trembled from head to foot, and his pale face grew livid. He uttered a gasp, but, making a violent effort, exclaimed hoarsely and threateningly:

"Why have you brought me here? What do you want? What have I to do with this 'Priest's Inclosure,' or the murder of Simon Vernon?"

His eyes blazed, and he looked at the girl with the expression of a wild beast. She seemed to feel her danger, and said, coolly:

"Nothing. I have brought you here to make you understand that I, too, hold all this country in horror. Do you think I look forward to happiness in the midst of these scenes—that I wish to spend years of torture surrounded by such terrors? I will leave them forever."

"Leave them!" cried Perondi, suddenly flushing as he gazed at her. "But not alone."

She fixed her eyes upon him, and said, dreamily:

"Did you not tell me of another country where the sky is blue, and the sunshine is



bright—not like these vile mountains, with their gray tints and their cypress-trees?"

Perondi thrilled with a wild joy.

"You will go with me, then?"

"I will go with you."

"And the arrangements, Susanne!—order, I will obey!"

"Have you money?"

"Yes," he said, starting slightly.

"I have money, too," she said, in a singular tone, rattling in her apron pocket the gold obtained from Marianno Bedares. "Well, listen to me now. No one must know my intention. You know the village of Chastagnier—about six leagues from here? There is a tavern called the Black Ball in the place. I will be there at noon to-morrow. Then by way of Valence and Nyons to Italy."

Perondi glowed with love and triumph.

"I will be there at noon," he said.

"No, come an hour later. You must not be seen with me in the village. I shall be at the Black Ball. Now I will go home. Why did I come to this accursed spot?"

She went back over the path with Perondi toward the farm-house. When near it, they separated. Perondi was drunk with joy.

"I will see you to-morrow again," he exclaimed.

"Yes, to-morrow."

"I wish it had already come."

"And I," was the girl's response, with an imperceptible tinge of irony. The Piedmontese then turned and went toward the farm-house, while Susanne disappeared down the path which led toward Villefort. Her face wore a strange expression—one of utter disgust, but of gloomy pleasure. Her eyes burned with a resolute fire; any one seeing her at that moment would have said that she was dangerous.

Susanne had scarcely gone a hundred yards, however, when she stopped. A sudden thought seemed to arrest her: she glanced over her shoulder, hesitated, knit her brows, and ended by turning into a small path which led through a thicket back to the rear of the farm-house of Anselme Costerousse.

As she approached the house she looked before her, and to the right and left, evidently fearful of being seen. Her light step scarcely troubled the silence. The wind had ceased to blow, and the vague murmur which issued from the summits of the fir resembled the breathing of a child asleep. She was now within ten yards of the rear of the house, and suddenly caught the sound of voices, evidently those of Costerousse and Perondi. She acted promptly; they seemed to be quarreling, and would not hear her steps. Holding her breath, she reached the house, passed along the ruined terrace, concealed herself in the thick shrubbery at the end of the farm-house, and, putting carefully aside the creepers around the low window, looked into the kitchen from which the voices came.

Costerousse and the Piedmontese were seated at a pine table, on which were two tin cups, two wine-bottles nearly empty, and a bag of money. The master seemed to be irritated and anxious; the man irritated and threatening.

"Once more, that is not the whole amount

due me," said Perondi. "You owe me, in the first place, my four years' wages—I hope you acknowledge that?"

"Yes," muttered Costerousse, in a gloomy tone.

"At fifty crowns a year—and they have been earned—that makes six hundred francs. Six hundred and fourteen hundred make two thousand—pay me my two thousand francs, I say!"

"Impossible!" cried Costerousse, in a voice of anger and distress. "I thought—yes, I was certain—that your wages were a part of the amount we agreed upon. In that bag is all I owe you—all I have left."

Perondi filled his tin cup, raised it to his lips, and, when he had emptied it of its contents, struck it violently on the table. He then exclaimed, in a threatening and sarcastic voice:

"Bah! and that's the way you look at matters, is it? Why don't you tell me at once that the little affair we both had a hand in was also to be paid for in my regular wages? That's a different matter altogether, my worthy friend!"

"Hush! hush!" cried Costerousse, with greater anger and apprehension than before.

"And if I don't mean to hush—what then? If I take a little walk and see the chief of police at Mende! If I only utter the words, '*Simon Vernon—Anselme Costerousse—the Priest's Inclosure—the 28th of November, 1825!*'—what then, my good friend?"

Costerousse had raised his cup to his lips. It fell suddenly, clattering on the floor.

"If I am caught in the trap, you, too, will be!" he muttered, hoarsely.

"What matter? It was you who put me up to it. I am not afraid—come, end this!"

"I ask nothing better—yes, to end every thing!"

"You would like," said the Piedmontese, "never to see me again, and I to see you. I wish I was already off. Your face and mine will never meet in this world hereafter. Add a hundred francs to what is in the bag, and we are quits!"

"So be it," returned Costerousse. The stormy tone of Perondi had filled him with apprehension, and he was only too well satisfied to get off so cheaply.

"You agree?"

"Yes; it will cramp me, but—when will you want them?"

"To-morrow morning."

"You shall have the money. Are you really going?"

"I am going."

"Well, good luck to you, companion—and now, the bottle is empty, to bed."

Susanne had heard enough. She glided out of the shrubbery, and, passing like a shadow along the dilapidated terrace, disappeared in the thicket, through which a path led toward Villefort.

On the same night M. de Ribière was seated in his study examining some papers, when he heard light steps without, and a low tap came at the door.

"Come in!" he said, somewhat surprised at having so late and mysterious a visitor.

The door opened, and Susanne, enveloped in a cloak which concealed her whole person

with the exception of her face, entered the apartment.

"You, my child!" exclaimed M. de Ribière—"you come to visit me at so late an hour as this!"

"For a few moments only, dear M. de Ribière," said the young girl, in a voice which made the Judge of Instruction start.

Every trace of mental alienation had disappeared. Her eyes were calm, clear, and radiant with intelligence. With this expression mingled another—one of fixed resolution. It was impossible not to see that this human being was in the fullest possession of her reason, and that she had formed some determination which she meant to adhere to under all circumstances.

"That is the Penal Code on the table—is it not, sir?" she now said.

"Yes, my child," he said, with an expression of great astonishment.

"I wish to ask you a single question, dear M. de Ribière."

And, taking the arm-chair which the gallant old judge hastened to offer her, the girl pushed back her dark hair and the interview began.

An hour afterward it had terminated, and Susanne hastened back to her father's house.

M. de Ribière looked after her as she left him with an air of overwhelming astonishment.

"After all, madame was right," he muttered; "this is, indeed, a miracle!"

On the morning after her interview with M. de Ribière, Susanne rose before daylight, made a rapid toilet, threw a cloak over her shoulders, took a small bundle, and, slipping out of the house, walked rapidly on, and soon found herself on the road leading in the direction of Chastagnier, the village where she had given rendezvous to Matteo Perondi.

Her rambles in the fields had made her active and enduring. She went on rapidly through the chill morning—continued to walk steadily hour after hour, and at last saw the houses of the village beneath her.

She entered the village, and went straight to the inn of the Black Ball, where she asked for breakfast and a room. The fat old hostess nodded, and, taking a key, conducted her to an apartment. It opened on a gallery, and from the window you looked into a garden in the rear.

"Will mademoiselle have her breakfast now?"

"Yes—no; in half an hour, madame," said Susanne. "I am waiting for another person—you will see him when he arrives, a man of bad appearance. He will ask for me, for Mademoiselle Susanne. Then bring up breakfast, and tell him I am waiting. He will come up; you will then say, 'The carriage will soon be ready;' then close the door, but do not go far, and, when you hear me say to the man, 'Do you still disbelieve in God?' come in."

The puzzled hostess nodded—she had no time to reply. Steps were heard on the stair case, and Perondi rushed up, his face glowing with joy.

Susanne remained calm.

"What o'clock is it, madame?" she said to the hostess.

"Half-past eleven, mademoiselle."

"And the carriage?"

"It will soon be ready."

"Then please serve breakfast, madame."

The hostess left the room, and she was alone with Perondi.

"Susanne! Susanne!" he cried, "you have come—you have kept your promise!"

"I always keep my promises. I make myself some—these I do not tell."

He looked at her keenly; there was something strange in her voice. Her manner was not less singular; she seemed to be listening. In ten minutes breakfast was served; and Perondi sat down and ate ravenously; the girl declared that she had broken her fast, and remained standing.

When the Piedmontese had finished he rose, exclaiming:

"I hear the carriage!"

In fact, the sound of wheels could be distinguished in front of the inn. Susanne made no reply; she was listening, and suddenly her face glowed.

"Come!" cried the Piedmontese, "*en route* for Italy, Susanne!"

"I am not going to Italy!" was the reply of the girl.

"Not going!"

"I am going to return to Villefort!"

"You? no! I am the master now. You are going with me."

"Yes, or you are going with me—it amounts to the same thing," she said.

Heavy steps were heard on the staircase leading to the apartment.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried the Piedmontese, drawing his knife.

"It means, Matteo Perondi," said the girl, rising to her full height—"it means that a poor girl is too cunning for you with all your cunning! It means that I have led you into a trap to destroy you!—that my Jacques will no longer undergo punishment for murdering Simon Vernon! It means, miserable creature, that you are in the hands of the law! Do you still disbelieve in God?"

The door flew open, and the chief of police entered, followed by his *gendarmes*.

"Matteo Perondi, you are my prisoner," he said.

The Italian bounded, knife in hand, toward Susanne, and would have stabbed her, but a blow from the carbine of one of the *gendarmes* made him stagger back. He rushed toward the window; a *gendarme* stood below. A moment afterward he was seized and bound.

"For what am I arrested?" he cried.

"For the crime provided for in the Penal Code, article 354," said the chief of police.

"What is the crime?" he asked, in a hoarse and trembling voice.

"Article 354 provides for the punishment of those who—"

Perondi held his breath.

"—who entice and carry off a minor from her parents or guardians," said the chief of police.

An immense load was lifted from the breast of the Piedmontese by these words—that was apparent from his face.

"I did not carry off this young girl!" he exclaimed. "She came here of her own accord."

"Well, explain all that at Mende, my friend, before the Judge of Instruction."

Perondi grew a little pale. At the same moment the hostess entered, saying:

"The carriage is ready, mademoiselle."

"We shall not need it to-day, madame," said Susanne, coolly. "This gentleman has one."

She pointed to the chief of police, who, scenting a jest, began to laugh. He then directed Perondi to walk before him, and made him enter an open vehicle with four seats, standing in front of the inn. Susanne—having paid the worthy hostess—took her seat beside the chief of police; and the vehicle set out, the horses going at a steady trot, toward Mende.

On the same day, and almost at the same hour, that Matteo Perondi was arrested at Chastagnier, Anselme Costerousse was arrested at his farm-house. The arrest was made so quietly at the isolated grange that Anselme was in prison before anybody heard of it.

At six in the evening he was sent for to appear before M. de Ribière, and, as he entered, he saw before him Susanne and Matteo Perondi, who had arrived a few moments before.

"Anselme Costerousse," said the judge, "do you know of what you are accused?"

Costerousse looked from Perondi to Susanne—the former turned away his eyes, the latter returned his glance with one of implacable firmness.

"No, sir," he said.

"You are charged with complicity in the abduction of Susanne Gervaz, an infant under age, by your hired man, Matteo Perondi."

Costerousse drew a long breath. He was as much relieved as Perondi had been, and in spite of his cunning could not conceal his satisfaction.

"Ah! is that it, sir?" he said; "but, Mr. Judge, I know nothing about this affair. I settled with Matteo Perondi yesterday, and he said nothing of it. If he had, I would have dissuaded him. I would have come right to you, judge—for I am a peaceable and quiet man. I told him this girl would fool him! I his accomplice, sir?—just the contrary! I was always telling him, 'Take care! this Susanne will bewitch you!' But you can't make young men listen to reason!"

M. de Ribière only said "Humph!" and, pointing to Perondi, said to an official:

"Search this man."

Both Perondi and Costerousse turned suddenly pale. In the pockets of the Piedmontese were found fifteen hundred francs.

"What wages did you pay Matteo Perondi?" said the judge to Costerousse.

He stammered something.

"It will be best for you to tell the truth."

"I paid him fifty crowns a year."

"Well, he lived with you four years—he could not have saved more than six hundred francs; where did he get the rest? Did he rob you of it?"

Costerousse was silent.

"I repeat my question."

"I don't know—that is—he may have—robbed some one else."

"Wretch!" cried Perondi, doubling up his fist, "you are a scoundrel!"

The judge interposed, and directed Costerousse to be taken back to prison. He then turned to Perondi and said coldly:

"That man murdered Simon Vernon, and you were his accomplice!"

Perondi staggered back, his lips grew ashy, and he stammered out:

"It is not true! It is not true! the murderer was tried and found guilty!"

The judge looked at him coldly, and said:

"Observe that in any event you cannot escape the galleys. Abduction and theft are established against you. It will be best for you to confess. If you do not, I will propose this course to Anselme Costerousse, and he will have the benefit of it."

Perondi hesitated—his frame shook—but he repeated:

"I am innocent! the murderer was tried and found guilty!"

M. de Ribière nodded his head and turned to Susanne.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you can now say any thing you wish."

Susanne took a step forward, and confronted the Piedmontese.

"So you thought I was insane," she said, "and that I would go with you back to your country—that I loved you?"

A low sound full of disgust issued from her lips.

"Loved you!—ah! I knew from the very first that you and this Costerousse had murdered poor Simon Vernon! Yes, from the very first I knew it, or felt convinced of it, at least. Do you remember when you sneered at me that morning when poor Jacques was examined? Your face made me reflect! Do you remember in the courtroom when the jury pronounced his fate? Then I reflected more still, and your two faces said, 'We are the true murderers!' Then I began to think. If you had murdered Simon Vernon and robbed him of his money, you would part with it sooner or later, and it was my business to find when and where. Do you begin to understand now?"

Perondi could not sustain her gaze. He seemed to be dazzled, and turned away.

"You made your disgusting love to me, and I told you that you were too poor and dirty. You replied that you could buy new clothes at the fair of Vigan, and I went thither, still as a crazy girl, to watch you! As a crazy girl—and do you know why I pretended to be insane—why I leaped from M. d'Estézac's carriage and fled singing, and rambled about the fields till my condition was the talk of the country?—To throw you off your guard, you and Costerousse! To make you unsuspecting and thus betray your secret! To entrap you as you allowed my poor Jacques to be entrapped and to suffer, wretch, in your places!"

Perondi uttered a low moan.

"So I went to the fair at Vigan. I knew

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you would never dare to part with Simon's money near Mende or Villefort. Spanish home-traders came to Vigan, and you would there exchange this money; so I went, and watched, and saw you bargaining with Marianno Bedares, and went the next day, when you had bought his horse, and offered to exchange silver money for Spanish gold. He consented readily, and gave me a quadruple, two doubloons, and four piasters. Here they are! Go and return them to the heirs of Simon Vernon—or bury them in his grave!"

She threw the coins in the face of Perondi, and went on with renewed passion:

"You came back with new clothes—with your gold chain and your rings. But I was done with you—I knew your secret; what I required was further proof. I soon had it. Your master, Costerousse, paid his rent, and began to improve his farm. He did more—he came to Master Berard, the notary, to discharge an old debt of three hundred francs. I lay in wait and listened—I saw the man's guilt in his face—I found my father was his real creditor; and here is a paper I induced him to give me."

She drew a paper from her apron and read aloud:

"I certify that Anselme Costerousse, who owed me three hundred francs, borrowed October 4, 1821, paid the amount on October 4th of the present year, both capital and two years' back interest."

"ANDRÉ GERVAZ.

"November 7, 1826."

"Then I knew," she continued, "that you and the worthy Costerousse had inherited all this money from—Simon Vernon! I had long determined, you see, to entrap you, murderer that you are! And I allowed you to make love to me—you to me—you!"

Her tone of voice was so full of contempt that it stung him to the quick. His eyes, which had glared sidewise, full of a sort of stupor, turned slowly, and darted a livid flame at her.

"You were no better in my eyes than a venomous reptile—a dirty farm-hand!" she went on. "Love you? I have never loved any one but Jacques, my heart and my soul! He is in the galleys, but he is your master now as always."

Perondi shuddered with rage. This avowal of her love for Jacques seemed to pierce his very heart. He bent down and remained silent.

"Then the days followed each other," she went on. "I had the money you carried to Vigan, and the proof of Costerousse's payments, but this was not proof sufficient. I must alarm your conscience, and make you confess your crime—to me if not to others. There was no time to lose—you were going to leave the country. I swore you should not, and kept my own counsel as to my plans. I could not induce you to confess. I dragged you, pale and trembling, to the house where my poor Jacques was arrested—to the very spot where I dishonored my name, swearing falsely afterward to remain free to act for him. I dragged you on to the 'Priest's Inclosure;' it was dark nearly, the cypresses waved—a grave was there: you would not confess. Worse still, you said you were go-

ing, and, if you escaped to Italy, Jacques was ruined. So I laid another trap for you. I promised to fly with you, and meet you at a spot agreed upon. It was necessary to bring some charge against you to have you arrested. The charge fixed on was abduction, punishable by the Penal Code. M. de Ribière showed me the law, which my own father read to me one day—and here you are."

Perondi made no response.

"One word more," continued the young girl. "You remember that last evening at the farm. I was present, hid in the shrubbery near the window, when you talked with your master Costerousse. I heard all—all!"

The Piedmontese shuddered, and raised his head quickly.

"You were seated at a table; there was a bag of money between you; you were drinking and quarreling."

Perondi listened, with eyes slowly distending.

"You threatened your master. If he did not pay all you demanded, you would go to the chief of police at Mende. You said you would say to him simply these words: '*Simon Vernon—Anselme Costerousse—the 'Priest's Inclosure'—the 28th of November, 1825.*' Do you deny that you said that?"

The Piedmontese uttered no sound. A mortal pallor covered his cheeks; and, seeing that he was about to faint, the judge directed that he should be removed from the court-room. As he was conducted out, one of the officials holding him by the arm, and supporting him as he staggered along rather than walked, M. de Ribière, who was near M. d'Estézac, leaned over and made a sign to attract his attention. M. d'Estézac inclined his head to listen.

"Look," said the judge, pointing toward Susanne, "there is a better examining judge than myself!"

Such had been the result of the examination of the Piedmontese. It was now the turn of Costerousse, and on the following day he was sent for, and conducted before the judge.

"Anselme Costerousse," said the judge, "you were interrogated yesterday in reference to the sum of money found on the person of Perondi at the time of his arrest."

Costerousse made no reply; he was evidently standing on his guard.

"You did not urge what is possible, after all—that the money was Susanne's, and that Perondi took it from her."

The face of Costerousse suddenly lit up, and he exclaimed:

"Yes, yes, that must have been the way of it, Mr. Judge! Yes, certainly, the money was poor Susanne's beyond all doubt. She sold flowers, you know—a franc here, a five-sou piece there. A little at a time, but a little often enough makes a pile in our good French money."

The judge suddenly held up before Costerousse the foreign gold—the quadruple, doubloons, and piasters—which Susanne had obtained from Marianno Bedares.

"Do you know these pieces of money?"

Costerousse grew frightfully pale.

"No, no!" he exclaimed. "I do not know them. I never saw them before."

"Very well; and this, what do you say to this?"

He read aloud the certificate of the payment made to André Gervaz. As he listened Costerousse seemed choked by something in his throat.

"Wretched man!" exclaimed the judge, "that gold I showed you was taken from the dead body of Simon Vernon at the 'Priest's Inclosure' on the morning when you murdered him. Then you sought to conceal your crime, you exchanged the money, you paid your debt to André Gervaz, you paid your landlord M. Claudet, you paid Lamouroux the stone-cutter for work done for you. Where did you obtain this money if not by the murder? And why did you start when Master Berard told you that *André Gervaz* was your real creditor?"

"Who saw me? His back was turned!" Costerousse cried.

"Confess, unhappy man—confess your crime!"

"Confess what?"

"That, on the morning of the 28th of November, in the year 1825, you, Anselme Costerousse, in company with Matteo Perondi, committed murder on the body of Simon Vernon."

"Never, never!" cried Costerousse. "The crime was committed by Jacques Boucard, who was tried and condemned for it!"

"Very well," the judge said, coldly; and, turning to the officer in attendance, he added, "Take this man back to prison to await his trial."

Three months afterward Costerousse and Perondi were arraigned before the Court of Assizes of the department for the murder of Simon Vernon; and, as before, a great crowd assembled to witness the proceedings in an affair which continued to excite the deepest interest and curiosity throughout the entire region.

The accused persons had obstinately persisted in declaring themselves innocent of the crime, and, although public opinion was almost universally against them, well-grounded doubts were expressed as to the possibility of proving their guilt. At the appointed hour the court-room was closely packed with deeply-interested auditors, and, the case having been called, the examination began.

"Perondi," said the president of the tribunal, "stand up."

The Piedmontese rose slowly. He held his head down, but looked up at the president with sullen and bloodshot eyes. The latter looked over his notes, and then turned again toward the accused.

"The fact has been established," said the judge, "that, at the time of your arrest, you had upon your person a sum of money three times as great as your wages for the time you lived with your employer Costerousse could have amounted to. Explain how you came to be possessed of this sum."

Perondi, acting by the advice of his counsel, made no response whatever.

"You refuse to explain this circumstance, then?" said the judge.

Perondi remained silent.

"Very well," the judge added, "sit down



and let the witnesses be called. Call first Marianno Bedares."

The horse-dealer promptly came forward and took his place on the witness-stand. His presence at the trial was due to the energy of M. d'Estézac. This friend of Susanne had gone all the way to Spain, and represented the state of affairs so strongly to the Castilian that they had returned in company, arriving on the very evening before the trial.

The ordinary questions were first propounded to Marianno Bedares, as to his name, residence, and occupation. These having been answered, the judge proceeded to the main examination.

"Marianno Bedares," he said, "look at the man on the bench—the younger one of the two, with the swarthy face—do you know him?"

"Yes," said Bedares, with his strong Spanish accent, "I know him, but he is much changed since I last saw him."

"Where have you before met him?"

"I met him at the last fair at Vigan. I sold him a horse."

"Did he pay you for the horse?"

"He did."

"In French money?"

"No, in Spanish coin."

"State the circumstances of the sale of the horse, and all connected with the transaction from the beginning to the end."

Marianno Bedares, in obedience to this order, proceeded to give a full account of the purchase of the horse, of the payment of the Spanish gold-coin, and of the subsequent exchange of the coin with Susanne Gervaz for French money. A cross-examination by the counsel for the prisoner failed to cast any discredit on his testimony, or elicit any doubtful details.

"The witness will stand aside," said the judge. "Call Susanne Gervaz."

A stir took place in the crowd, and Susanne came forward to the witness-stand. She had never appeared so beautiful, and what attracted universal attention in the crowd, adoring her now as their own heroine, was the fact that she had thrown aside her mourning. In her simple dress, with her glowing cheeks and proud attitude, she was superb.

She gave her evidence in a calm, distinct voice, unmoved by the least tremor. Whenever, during the progress of it, she was obliged to speak of Matteo Perondi, her face assumed an expression of unspeakable contempt and disgust. Her glance, gestures, and very accent, seemed to say that she regarded him as something even viler than an assassin. Women, in every class of society, possess the secret of these insulting glances, which seem to degrade the man who is their object beneath the level of a beast.

She repeated her former testimony—Perondi glancing at her from time to time, and listening like one in a dream to the murmurs of the great crowd.

"So you were really," said the judge, "in Jacques Boucard's home at the hour of seven in the morning on the 28th of November, 1825?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jacques Boucard denied the truth of

this statement on his trial. Do you suppose that he will deny it still?"

"I do not think he will," said Susanne, calmly.

The judge turned to an usher and said:

"Call Jacques Boucard to come into court."

At these words a prolonged murmur was heard in the crowd, entirely ignorant of Boucard's presence, and all eyes were fixed upon the door through which the galley-slave was expected to enter. The character of the murmurs and general agitation was unmistakable—the popular sympathy was obvious—and, in the midst of this general excitement, Jacques Boucard made his appearance. On his right walked his faithful friend, M. d'Estézac, and on his left the venerable Abbé Vernier, chaplain of the galleys, who had long been convinced of his innocence, and now publicly gave him the benefit and moral support of his presence and countenance. The appearance of Jacques at the trial may be explained in a very few words. The judge had sent a requisition for him to Toulon, stating that his presence was necessary in the interest of public justice; and this application had been promptly responded to by the authorities. The galley-slave was directed to be relieved temporarily from the degrading ball and chain, but not divested of his prisoner's dress, and sent under guard to be present at the trial. He had wrapped himself during his journey, owing to the inclemency of the weather, in an old fisherman's cloak, but as he entered the court-room he voluntarily threw off the cloak, and appeared in his dress of a galley-slave—green cap, red coat, and yellow pantaloons.

At sight of this degrading dress, the impulsive crowd uttered a suppressed cry, and it was easy to perceive that it was a cry of astonishment and distress. Public opinion had turned completely in favor of Jacques by this time, and there was no disposition in any person in the audience to offer him any indignity, far from it. The presence of M. d'Estézac and the good abbé as his friends was wholly unnecessary.

The judge turned toward the jury.

"It must be plain to all," he said, "that the only real question which the jury is now called upon to decide is the truth or the falsehood of the defense set up on the former trial—that Jacques Boucard was present at his own house on the morning and at the hour when Simon Vernon is known to have been murdered. Boucard, when interrogated, declared that he was, but Susanne Gervaz was not present in his house at that hour; but there is good reason to believe that in so testifying he aimed to protect the good name of a person beloved by him. It is to clear up all doubt upon this one main question that he is now sent for, and I shall interrogate him."

It was perfectly plain that this decision was in accordance with public sentiment, which has its effect even in a court-room; and the judge, addressing himself to Boucard, said:

"Jacques Boucard, you have been sent for to appear at this trial, not to give your testimony on oath, since an oath cannot be

administered to one condemned to the galleys—what I require of you is a true statement to which the jury will attach whatever importance they think proper."

Jacques Boucard held up his head, looking calmly and simply at the judge.

"The witness, Susanne Gervaz," continued the judge, "has retracted her former statement that she was not present at your house with you when Simon Vernon was murdered. It is now ascertained that she made the denial as a friend of your own. She now declares upon her oath that she was present at your house, and held an interview with you at the hour of the murder. Is this statement true or false?"

Jacques was silent. It was easy to see that the trial would turn on his response. The crowd, the jury, even Matteo Perondi, with his pale face and glowing eyes, bent forward to listen.

Suddenly Susanne went to his side, and clasped his hand in her own. Her cheeks were full of blushes, her eyes flashing through tears expressed the deepest tenderness, and she said to him:

"You can speak now."

The young man's face flushed, and he looked up from Susanne to the judge.

"Yes, sir," he said, "Susanne was at my house. She came at the risk of losing her good name to beg me not to yield to the violence of my nature, and seek a quarrel with Simon Vernon?"

"Is that the truth?"

"It is the truth, sir, as God sees me! I swear it on my mother's grave!"

As he spoke, Susanne, overcome with joy, threw her arms around his neck, and buried her face in his breast, exclaiming:

"My own Jacques!"

A cry and a sudden stir in the crowd followed the words. The origin of this confusion was soon apparent to all. Matteo Perondi, drawing a knife which he had managed to conceal, had stabbed himself; and, when the good Abbé Vernier made his way through the crowd to his side, he was already dying.

"Poor, unhappy man," cried the good abbé, "confess your sins!"

"My—sins?" he gasped.

"Who murdered Simon Vernon?"

"I—and—Anselme Costerousse!"

These words came in gasps. Having uttered them, Matteo Perondi fell back and expired.

A month afterward, Costerousse, who had confessed his participation in the assassination, expiated his crime upon the gallows.

A year from that time, Jacques Boucard, long reinstated in his post of game-keeper, on his release from the galleys, was married to Susanne Gervaz, to whom he owed the proofs of his innocence.

## THE PARDON OF ST.-NICODÈME.

IF any one wants to get on a sudden quite out of the nineteenth century, and to find himself so freed from the surroundings of modern improvement and culture that he is inclined to rub his eyes to make sure he

is not dreaming, let him take the express-train from Paris to Auray, in Brittany, and next day find his way to St.-Nicodème—always remembering that this next day must be the first Saturday of August.

There is no very direct access to the fine old solitary church of St.-Nicodème.

The nearest station on the Auray and Pontivy line of railway is at St.-Nicolas-des-Eaux, but even from here there is a tiring walk of some kilometres along the dusty high-road, and, for reasons which will appear, it is not pleasant to drive from St.-Nicolas. It is really more direct, although less interesting, to go from Auray to Baud or Pontivy, and take a carriage from one or other of these places to St.-Nicodème.

At Auray they seemed to know nothing about St.-Nicodème or its *fête*, and even when we reached Baud and asked for information, the station-master shook his head: "Yes, yes, there is a *pardon*, but when it occurs,—*ma foi*, some time in August, that is all I know."

This was discouraging, but, as on the map St.-Nicolas-des-Eaux looked close to St.-Nicodème, we decided to go on there in search of more definite tidings.

We crossed the Blauet—a broad river here running through a wooded valley. A little way from the station, up the *côte* on the left bank of the stream, we came upon the quaint old village of St.-Nicolas. It looks so primitive, so sequestered, that doubtless it is rarely visited; even Bretons seem to know nothing of it; and yet its position beside the lovely, winding river, its struggling, irregular line of granite cottages shaded by huge spreading chestnut-boughs that cross one another overhead, the quaint costumes of its people—nearly all the women have distaffs in their hands—and the utter isolation in which they seem to live, give it a powerful attraction to the traveler.

These massive granite dwellings are built in twos and threes, with circular-headed doorways, and sometimes only one small, square window. Half the door is kept open to admit light, the lower half is usually kept closed and bolted. Looking over this, we saw that half the space within was given to the family, the other half to the cow-stable, and the floor as usual was uneven earth, on which stood handsome-looking *armoires*.

The sun was so bright overhead that the inside of the cottages looked very dark, and the absence of white caps increased this gloom—the universal head-gear being a rusty black-velvet or blue-cloth hood, fitting the head closely, and coming down on the shoulders in a pointed cape lined with scarlet, yellow, or green. Under one's feet the ground showed that corn had lately been thrashed there; long-legged white pigs and lean fowls were eagerly picking up the stray grains scattered about, gleaming like gold as the sun found its way down to them through the fan-like leaves of the chestnut-trees above.

Exquisite yellow-green vine-sprays clung about some of the cottages, and flung themselves on the thatch as if they meant to reach the chimneys, and these wreaths in their grace and beauty were in strange contrast to the clumsy-bodied, large-featured,

coarse faces that stared at us from under the faded black hoods of the women, or the matted locks of the men. On the right a path led to the church, and, as this was locked, we seated ourselves at the foot of a wooden calvary outside, while a woman fetched the key. A good-natured-looking peasant, with her child and distaff, came up shyly and seated herself beside us. She could not speak much French, and the child, who learned it at school, was too shy to talk. But the woman was anxious to know what had brought us to St.-Nicolas. We asked about St.-Nicodème. "But yes, there is a fair and a *pardon* there to-morrow; the angel will come down and light the bonfire; he has gold wings, the angel. Ah, that is indeed worth coming to see!" We asked if we could sleep at St.-Nicolas; but our friend shook her head. "There is the *cabaret* beside the river," she said. But we had already had a glimpse of this, and had decided not even to eat there.

The clumsy woman, who had gone to fetch the key, came back with a red, swollen face and large tears rolling down her cheeks. Her Breton was unintelligible, but we learned that she had a dying sister, who had suddenly grown worse. It was touching to see the sympathy created among the neighbors as the poor woman went back sobbing to her cottage, but they said the sister would linger yet some time.

A group had now collected before the church, almost all dressed alike in black or blue gowns; the square opening of the under body was trimmed with broad black ribbon velvet, velvet also round the cuffs of the tight-fitting black sleeves. Down each front of the corset, worn over the body, was a row of silver buttons set so close that the edges overlapped one another; the arm-holes of this corset were also trimmed with very broad black velvet—the square opening in front of the body, filled by a white neckerchief, fastened at the throat by a gilt pin. This relieved the otherwise sombre garb, for, except the apron and the silver buttons, all the rest was black or dark blue, unless the wind or any other accident displayed the colored lining of the hood. The apron was of coarse, striped woollen. The women seemed surprised that we should visit the church.

It is an ancient chapel of the priory of St.-Gildas. There are still ruins of this priory on the other side of the Blauet, but the interior is very curious. Projecting from four columns in the centre are four praying figures. A richly-carved wooden frieze runs all round the wagon-headed roof, and in one of the transepts this carving is remarkable; grotesque heads and faces are united by a waving border of serpents and dragons; the whitewashed beams are also carved, the ends fixed into huge dragon-heads that project from the wing. There is a huge bell in one corner of the wainscot. There was not a seat of any kind to be seen in the church; the whitewashed walls were green with damp, and the floor was of uneven clay. There was no sign of daily use about it. It felt so damp that we were glad to get into sunshine again.

Beyond the church, down a narrow green

lane on the right, we came to a flight of old stone steps. These led into a square inclosure paved with broken flag-stones, and surrounded by ruined walls, overgrown ferns springing everywhere from the joints of the stone-work, with trees and ivy. In the centre stood a grand old fountain going fast to decay; brambles flaunted great red arms from the top, and between them showed a richly-crocheted canopy, which surmounted the empty niche of the saint of the fountain.

While we stood wondering whether this had not in former years been the home of some celebrated pilgrimage, a woman came down the steps, carrying a huge pail in one hand, and bearing a large brown pitcher on her head, to get water. She was dressed just like the rest of the villagers, and had the same awkward, half-savage ways. She glared at us for an instant from under her hood, and then knelt down and filled her pail and her pitcher so clumsily, and with such waste of water, that she must have soaked her heavy blue skirt, and filled her *sabots* with the splashing—certainly she wore no stockings to suffer by the wetting. It was strange not to find a trace of the adroit deftness of the Frenchwomen in these large-eyed, sad-faced, clumsy village Bretonnes. Coquetry and grace seem equally unknown to them, certainly, as a Frenchman said, "*Il n'y a pas l'ombre de séduction chez ces femmes.*"

Coming down through the pretty little village again, we found several women standing knitting at the cottage-doors, evidently watching for our reappearance, but not one could speak French; a shake of the head and a grin, showing the long front-teeth, and "*Ja ja,*" proved to be the universal answer to our questions.

Now that we were sure about the *fête*, we resolved to go on to Baud, and return next morning, for it was evidently impossible to get a lodging at St.-Nicolas, and one could not even have eaten a meal in the dirty *cabaret*. A huge pile of loaves on the filthy floor were, the mistress said, in readiness for to-morrow. We asked about a *voiture*, and the mistress called a sulky-looking boy to answer us. He came, gnawing a straw.

"A *voiture*?" he said, contemptuously. "Dame, oui! I should think so. If monsieur et dame will come with me, I will arrange for them with Jean Jacques."

We followed him up the road a few yards. At the door of a cottage sat an old beggar, dressed in a ragged shirt, drab trousers, and gaiters. His long gray hair streamed over his shoulders, and his bare chest showed through his open shirt-front.

A colloquy in Breton, and then, to our dismay, we learned that this dirty old bundle of rags was the Jean Jacques who would drive us to Baud, and that he promised to be ready directly.

"But is there no other vehicle?"

Our sulky lad's contempt was beyond endurance.

"No, there is no other, and monsieur et sa dame may think themselves lucky to get this one. Dame, oui! it is quite possible that other travelers may arrive who will want Jean Jacques and his white horse, and then what becomes of monsieur?"

After this harangue he ran away; and, having settled the bargain with Jean Jacques, who spoke execrable French, we walked disconsolately down to the river, Jean Jacques, in a very cracked voice, calling out something in Breton, which a woman told us signified that he would be ready in five minutes.

We sauntered on to the bridge, and enjoyed the lovely view up and down the river, but the five minutes grew into thirty at least.

At last we heard a shout, and, turning round to look up the road, we saw our vehicle.

On inspection, it proved to be a miserable little cart, without any springs; two sacks stuffed with bean-straw were laid across the seats, and a little white horse stood between the shafts.

Our driver was sweeping the inside of the cart most vigorously with a huge broom made of the green broom-plant.

He had washed himself, and had wonderfully smartened his appearance. He wore a white-flannel jacket, trimmed with black velvet and small brass buttons, and a large, flat black hat, also trimmed with black velvet. But the horse was deplorably small, with drooping head, and looking as if his bones were unset, and he was only kept together by his dirty-white skin.

We clambered into the vehicle with heavy hearts, but no anticipation could justify the reality. Directly we started, the jolting was dreadful, and besides this the horse had a perpetual zigzag movement, which sent us from side to side of the cart, and doubled the length of our journey; one felt just like a shuttlescock, the sides of the cart representing the battledoor.

We tried to speak to our driver, but he shook his head imperiously, and answered in Breton. One might have taken him for a hideous old wizard, with his gleaming eyes and flowing gray hair, but for his religious reverence. At every church and every calvary we passed he slackened his pace, uncovered, and mumbled a long prayer, after which he always whipped his horse violently, and jolted us worse than ever.

That drive was certainly like a "hideous dream," though it lay through a picturesque, hilly country, the road on each side constantly bordered by tall silver-birch-trees, through which we got glimpses of the Montagnes Noires.

Next morning was full of sunshine, and, having secured an easy carriage, we started at an early hour from the hotel for St.-Nicodème. We soon overtook carts of all kinds going in the same direction, chiefly long carts, with three or four benches or planks set across, and these were crammed with men, women, and children, in holiday costume—the salient points in which were the white jackets and huge black hats of the men, and the long, white *coiffes* of the women, black being the prevailing color of their jackets and skirts. There were also numbers of men and women on foot, trudging along the road, many of them driving their animals to the fair.

The fine gray spire of the church of St.-Nicodème was visible for some time before

we reached it. At last we came to a road or lane on the right, shaded by spreading chestnut-trees. These Breton side-roads have a character peculiarly their own. In the north they are deeply sunk between high furze and brake-covered banks, along the top of which is often concealed a foot-path; but in the south these banks are lowered, and, as at St.-Nicodème, huge trees grow behind them, and send their branches across from side to side so near the road that certainly the lofty-bodded wagons of Normandy would find no room to pass under the leafy roof.

Our driver stopped and told us this road led to the church; and, indeed, without this information, we should have guessed this, as people were hastening into it from all directions. Our driver said the road was too rough for his vehicle to go over, so we dismounted.

The lane was full of people, all hurrying toward the church. We found it necessary to walk heedfully, for the road was channeled with deep cart-ruts, and these were filled with mud and water. At the end of the lane we found ourselves in a bewildering throng of carts, horses, cows, pigs, and people, crowded in front of and against the low stone-wall that fences in the church and its celebrated fountain. At the moment a man quite blocked up further passage by calmly plaiting the cream-colored tail of his horse, so long that it reached across the road, which had widened out as it neared the church.

St.-Nicodème is a handsome stone building of the sixteenth century, with a fine tower and spire; but it is its situation that is so charming. It stands in a sort of hollow; the ground rising from it on three sides is planted with huge chestnut-trees. Under the shade of these, beyond and beside the church, we saw a great crowd of people, all seemingly peasants. There appeared no mixture of *bourgeois* element, but before going into this crowd we turned aside to see the fountain.

A visit to this is evidently an important part of the duty of the day. Three or four old women came toward us at once with jugs and cups of the holy-water to drink and wash our faces in, for which they expect a few centimes. The fountain is of later date than the church, and is sufficiently picturesque. In one of the three compartments into which it is divided is the figure of St.-Nicodème. On one side of him a man and a woman are kneeling; they offer him an ox. In the other niches are St.-Abilon, with two men, one on horseback, the other kneeling; and St.-Gamaliel between two pilgrims, one of whom offers him a pig. These saints are all Jews. Men and women, too, were bathing their faces and eyes in the fountain, and also eagerly drinking the water. It is said to have antiseptic properties. Standing and lying about were dirty, picturesque beggars intent on exhibiting their twisted and withered limbs and incurable wounds to passers-by.

The finely-sculptured portal of the church was thronged with these sufferers, some of them eating their poor breakfasts out of little basins. One ragged child held out a scallop-shell for alms, keeping up a chorus of whining supplication. Among these squalid objects a beautiful butterfly was hovering—a

baby-child stretching up its hand and crying for it. The interior of the church had evidently been so recently whitewashed that there had been no time to wash the stains and splashes from the dirty pavement; and, as there were no chairs, this was covered by kneeling worshipers. On the ceiling the stations of the cross were painted in very gaudy colors. The high altar was one blaze of lighted candles; grouped round it were some really rich crimson and white banners worked in gold, and at a side-altar a priest was saying a litany. There were most picturesque figures among the kneeling worshipers, and in and out among them two girls wandered up and down with lighters for the votive candles; several old women, too, carried about bundles of these candles.

Some of the kneelers pulled my skirts to attract attention to a leg or arm, or to inform me in a whisper that they were ready to pray the Blessed Virgin to give me a safe journey if I had a few centimes to give away.

It was so cool inside the church that the air felt oven-like when we came out again, although the gray old building was surrounded by huge, spreading chestnut-trees. Close to the church, ranged under the green, fan-like leaves, were booths full of strings of rosaries, crosses, medals, badges, and other jewelry, especially ornamental pieces for fastening the chemises and shawls of the peasant-women. Silver rings bearing the image of St.-Nicodème were selling rapidly at a fabulously low price. In other booths (or ranged against the low stone-wall at the right side of the church) were set forth a store of large, gaudily-colored prints of various saints and sacred subjects. Chief among them was a gorgeous full-length of St.-Nicodème wearing the papal tiara, a violet cassock, green chasuble, and scarlet mantle. Over his head, in a golden nimbus, was a bright-green dove descending on the saint, who stood between a tall poplar-tree and a palm bursting into blossoms of various colors. There were hymns on each side of the paper. A carter with his whip under his arm, the heavy lash twisted round his neck, knelt down reverently to look at this wonderful print; and a withered old man leaned over him to explain the words of the hymns, which were in French.

Farther on, the open glen behind the church is thick with people buying, selling, eating, and drinking. Here are booths for clothes, crockery, etc., and open stands for eatables and drinkables. An old man is selling sieves and wooden bowls and boxes, heaped up over the grass. Sieves are in great demand at their harvest-season.

Hard by the church, against the trunk of an enormous chestnut-tree, several men were seated with lathered faces; two were being shaved, the others patiently waiting their turn. The rapidity of the barbers was most amusing; two used the soap-brush, and two the razor. It is customary to let the beard grow some weeks before the festival of St.-Nicodème, and then to be clean shaved in the early morning. We came upon many of these *al-frasco* barber-shops under the trees in different parts of the fair.

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served how varied and picturesque the dress of the men was. The jacket was generally of white flannel cut square at the neck, trimmed with black velvet, with a row of embroidery thereon, and strings of metal buttons. The outside pockets of these jackets were cut into seven or eight vandykes bound with black velvet, each of the points being fastened by a brass or silver button. The beaver or felt hats were enormous, very low-crowned, and trimmed with a band of broad, black velvet fastened by a silver buckle, with two ends hanging behind. The trousers were chiefly blue or white, although some were of black or brown velveteen, often loose, but without the bagginess so common in Lower Brittany.

The older men wore black gaiters reaching to the knees, fastened by a close row of tiny buttons. Round the waist many of them wore a broad, thick, buff-leather belt, with quaint metal clasps. This hung so low and loosely that it seemed worn only for ornament. We asked a tall Breton farmer, with bare feet thrust into his *sabots*, what was the use of this belt.

"It has no use," he said, complacently; "I wear it for fashion's sake."

The waistcoat was also white flannel trimmed with so many rows of embroidered velvet that it had the effect of several waistcoats worn one above another; four or five dozen silver buttons were set in two rows down each side of the outer waistcoat so closely that the edges overlapped. This costume was perhaps the most uncommon we saw. The older men wore their hair very long, sometimes hanging over their shoulders almost to their waists; their dark, gleaming eyes and thick, straight eyebrows gave them a fierce appearance.

Some of the men were very tall, and they stalked about among the women as if they were beings of a different order. They seemed rarely to speak to them; each sex mostly herded in groups apart, except that the men took the centre of the fair as their right, and paced up and down like princes. There seemed to be no curious strangers present except ourselves (and yet they took little notice of us). Even when we got farther up the glen, and more into the crowd, we saw no mixture of townsfolk—it was a festival of peasants.

We were specially attracted by the face of a fine old man with flowing white hair, but most malevolent black eyes, who stood fanning, with his broad-leaved beaver hat, a gridironful of silvery sardines, frizzling and crackling over a pan of charcoal on the grass. When they were cooked, he speedily found customers for them.

Close by was a stand covered with huge loaves of buckwheat-bread, which were finding ready sale; and, as we moved on, we saw impromptu fireplaces in all directions. On one side a huge, steaming pipkin hung from a tripod of sticks. From this a coarse *ragoût* of meat and potatoes sent out a not too savory smell. Farther on a large pot of coffee stood on a glowing lump of charcoal. And now we came upon booths with cold edibles displayed on the stalls—sausages of all kinds, and a sort of cold meat-pudding in great re-

quest, but by no means of seducing appearance.

Farther back from the main avenue, under the trees, were carts full of immense cider-barrels, covered with fresh brakes. A woman, wearing the costume we had seen the day before at St-Nicolas, stood at a table in front of one of these carts drawing cider as fast as she could into jugs, glasses, etc., and all around her were groups of men talking together, and getting less silent and morose as they drank glass after glass and toasted one another.

A low stone-wall, overgrown with grass, divided this wooded glen on the left from the country high-road. On a bit of the wall a pleasant-looking country-woman, in a well-starched, spotless-white muslin coif—the two broad lappets pinned together behind her head—had spread out her wares on a gay-colored handkerchief: caps, collars, and chemisettes, were displayed to the best advantage in this elevated position. She sat on the wall beside her goods, and she seemed to be driving a good trade, though it was puzzling to know how her customers would dispose of such easily-crumpled articles in the midst of the ever-moving crowd.

So far we had been struck by the quiet and decorum of the scene. It was really too quiet. There was none of the repartee and merry laughter we had so often heard in a Norman market. Men and women alike looked serious and self-contained. The happiest faces were those of the dear little children, toddling and tumbling about in all directions. Some of these in their close-fitting skull-caps, thick woollen skirts, and large white collars, were perfect little Velasquez figures. Others wore round hats set on the back of their heads. Almost all had clear complexions, and handsome, large, round, dark eyes.

Still farther on we heard a rather monotonous beat of drum. There was a performance going on here, but it seemed only to consist in the explanation of various pictures exhibited by the show-woman in a drawling recitative. Behind this we found ourselves in the cattle-market—a part of the glen where the grass was less worn away, and where the trees were more thickly planted. Men stood about here plaiting and unplaiting the long tails of their horses. Women dragged their pretty little black-and-white cows about, sometimes by a rope fastened to their horns, but quite as often they hurried on, regardless of everybody, with their cow's head gripped under one arm. Pigs were also being hauled about, filling the air with their noise. One woman had got her pig by the tail, and dragged it, squealing, through the very thickest of the crowd; another had a rope fastened to her pig's leg. In this quarter it was difficult to move through the confused mass of people and animals. No one seemed to care or to look where he or she went. It was apparently assumed that every one would take care of himself or herself; lacking this, there was every chance of being knocked down and trampled under foot by the crowd or the cattle.

Wherever space could be found among the trees were long booths, some of them garlanded with green boughs. Looking

through the low, arched openings, we saw there were tables, running from one end to the other, covered with bottles and glasses—men and women sitting alternately on each side. The men, having probably concluded their bargains, were drinking their beloved cider; but at present, at any rate, the women had empty glasses before them, and were listening to the conversation of their lords held with each other across the table.

There had been an auction of beasts going on under the trees. Groups of wild-looking men, with long hair streaming over their dark, embroidered jackets, their hats larger and with broader velvet on them than any we had seen, were talking fiercely about the cattle, with flashing eyes and much gesticulation. These were Finistère men from Scaër and Baunalec. We were told that the design embroidered in the centre of their jackets behind signifies the Blessed Sacrament. They looked far more savage and determined than the white-coated men of Morbihan, but they were less sullen and reserved. There was abundant variety, too, in the costumes of the women. We saw some gorgeous green gowns trimmed with broad black velvet both on the skirt and on the sort of double body, which seems to answer to the coat and waistcoat of the men. The black velvet was covered with gold-and-scarlet embroidery.

The head-gear of St-Nicolas, with the brilliant green, scarlet, or yellow linings, was most abundant, but there was besides a large proportion of white coifs and caps and quaintly-shaped collars. Most of the women wore gold or gilt hearts and crosses depending from a velvet ribbon round the throat. Few of them showed any hair on their foreheads, and it is, perhaps, the absence of this, added to the large, melancholy eyes, which gives so sad and solemn an expression to the face of the Bretonne peasant. They tell you that they have their hair cut off because there is no room for it under the coif—in reality, they sell it to the traveling barber who will give the best price for it.

Formerly, all the cattle of the neighborhood, decorated with ribbons, were led in procession to the church to be blessed—drums beating and banners flying—but this custom seems to have been given up, though some animals are still offered to St-Nicodème, and these are sold afterward at higher prices than the rest, as the presence of one of them in a stable is supposed to bring luck.

Time was going fast, and we began to be curious as to the hour of the descent of the angel. We were told that it would come down after vespers, and we made our way through the crowd to the rising ground on the left of the church. Already the cider was beginning to take effect. There was much more noise and chatter. The men stood about in groups in eager discussion, using rapid and vehement gesticulation.

The heat had become overpowering, the sun seemed to scorch us as we walked, but the chestnut-trees on this hill-side were even larger than those below, and, so long as we could remain under them, there was dense and most refreshing shade. We found the interest was now concentrated on a large open space around the tall calvary which

stood on the rising ground; close beside it was a lofty pole, with a large heap of dried furze and brushwood piled high around its base.

A man was going up a ladder placed against this pole, fixing on it at intervals hoops covered with red and blue paper; finally he fastened a painted flag on the top of it.

Presently we saw that a cord was being lowered from the top of the lofty church-tower. Several eager watchers among the chestnut-trees below secured the end of this cord when it reached the ground and brought it in triumph to a post at the foot of the pole, about one hundred yards from the church. The cord was fastened securely below a square box on the top of the post, and from this time a breathless suspense hung over the swaying, rugged-looking crowd—that is, I say, among the elders and the children—the younger men and women seemed to choose this time for walking up and down, in and out, through the groups of gazers—some sending saucy, others sheepish glances at one another without an exchange of words. We were specially amused in watching three young, pretty, and very gayly-dressed girls, who walked up and down, looking neither to right nor left, but evidently considering themselves the belles of the *fête*. A little man with twisted legs, with a joke for every one, seemed in universal favor; he was, no doubt, the *bazralan*, the tailor, and match-maker of the neighborhood. We saw his cunning, dark face, and keen, black, restless eyes in all parts of the throng, and, to judge by his long colloquies with some of the older matrons, he was doing a profitable business; he was almost the only man who seemed to talk much to the women.

All at once the bell rang out for vespers; the *bazralan* and most of the women and children flocked into church, followed by a few of the men.

Meanwhile, the throng of men about us increased; those who had been drinking in the booths came across to the calvary, and we had full opportunity of studying their dark, remarkable faces. There is no need for the Breton to disclaim, as he does, any kindred with the French—these peasants, especially the men of Morbihan and Finistère, are a race apart; with their long, dark, deep-set eyes gleaming from under thick, dark eyebrows, their tangled hair spreading over the shoulders, and often reaching almost to the waist, and their dark skins and long, straight noses, and their quaint costume, they are wholly un-French; they are taller, too, and larger-framed than the generality of Frenchmen, and there is a seriousness amounting to dignity which is wholly distinctive. Even when he is drunk, and this is a too frequent occurrence, the Breton strives to be self-controlled and quiet; and when he is sober there is a touch of the North American Indian in his stolid indifference, and also in the contempt with which he regards his spouse—for the Breton peasant-woman, spite of her rich costume on Sundays and gala-days, is a mere brewer of wood and drawer of water, the slave of her drunken, unfeeling husband.

It is possibly this slavery which takes away self-respect, and gives to the Bretonne the clumsiness and half-savage habits which must strike every stranger as much as her want of gayety and light-heartedness. There are, of course, abundant exceptions, but a woman cannot travel in Brittany without becoming, to some extent, aware of the slight esteem in which her sex is held. One never sees in Brittany a young man and woman strolling together in the evening. One little day of courtship just before marriage is generally all that falls to the lot of the Bretonne peasant; after marriage, her slavery begins.

All at once there was a stir among the crowd. It had been impossible to stand near the pole exposed to the full blaze of the sun, so we had taken shelter under the huge chestnut-leaves, but we ventured into the sunshine now, for the excitement was contagious. Almost before we reached the pole, we saw coming down the cord a pretty little angel about three feet high, with bright, golden wings. It stood an instant beside the post to which the rope was attached, and then went up again, and remained stationary outside the tower, the only sound heard in the breathless silence of the crowd being the click-click of the wheels on which the little creature moved. This, we learned, was a trial-descent, it being necessary to make sure that the machinery worked properly before the real descent took place. This was to happen as soon as vespers was said.

We stood our ground bravely for another quarter of an hour in the burning sunshine. The heat was so intense that the sticks and furze-bushes piled up round the pole in readiness for the bonfire felt as if they came out of an oven.

Suddenly the bells peal out loudly, and a glittering procession comes singing out of the church, with lighted candles, crosses, and crimson-and-gold banners. First come the choristers, then the priests, and then a long train of men and women.

As soon as the procession has circled the hill it halts. Bang! bang! bang! go the guns from the church-tower, and down comes the pretty little angel, this time very rapidly, its bright wings flashing in the sunshine. It holds a match in one outstretched hand, and touches first the box on the post and then the bonfire. A peasant, with many-colored ribbons in his hat, helps the angel's work. There is a loud, deafening explosion, then a discharge of squibs and crackers from the box, and then the furze and fagots of the bonfire ignite and blaze fiercely.

Long tongues of red flame leap up till they reach the first of the hoops on the pole. Bang! bang! and off go the fireworks of which they are composed; the noise is tremendous and ear-splitting, and the flames go leaping higher and higher, till all the suspended fireworks, including the flag at top, have exploded, blazing and hanging and dispersing themselves in shreds of flying fire above the heads of the excited crowd.

It was somewhat alarming to see the towering body of fierce red flame, brilliant even in the powerful sunshine—one moment carried up as if to reach the sky, and the next

bending, swooping sideways in pursuit of the flying shreds of burning paper filling the air; and in the midst of the stifling heat, and smoke, and din—for the crowd had found a universal voice at last—the little golden-winged angel mounted quickly to the steeple again, followed by strange, uncouth howls of delight, which seemed to be the approved method of expressing satisfaction.

It was a good moment to study the faces of these stolid, self-contained Bretons, moved out of their calm reserve, which to most of them seems second nature. The faces were wonderfully wild and expressive; the long, fierce black eyes gleamed with delight, and, no doubt, in some with religious fervor, as the bonfire blazed higher and higher, casting a lurid glare on all around—most unreal and theatrical in effect.

The whole scene seemed made for a painter—these tall, black-browed men, with their powerful savage faces and long streaming hair, their white-flannel coats and huge black hats, all faces upturned to the red, overmounting flame. Every now and then some man or boy dashed frantically almost into the swaying fire, to snatch at one of the flying shreds of burning paper to preserve it as a relic. At a little distance behind the men, keeping apart, were groups of women in their quaint costumes, some wearing snowy caps, others the sombre *coiffes* of St.-Nicolas with their bright linings. Hard by stood the tall calvary, its stone steps thronged with little awe-struck children; ranged along the crest of the hill was the procession of priests and choristers with banners and crosses, and in the midst of all the blazing bonfire, while the chestnut-trees crowned the green hill and circled round its base; and in the distance, seen through the spreading boughs, appeared the old gray church tower and spire, and the booths grouped around.

The heat of the sun was still so intense, though evening was coming on, that the men could scarcely bear to keep their hats raised above their heads as the procession wound once more slowly round the calvary and returned to the church.

Perhaps the most striking effect of the whole scene was the contrast between the strong, wild excitement, betrayed more in look and gesture than by any prolonged outcry, and the trumpery cause that aroused it. It was difficult to believe that these excited creatures, plunging madly to secure charred fragments of red paper, and yelling at the explosion of a few fireworks, could be the grand, dignified-looking men we had been watching all the morning. Possibly the mixture of cider and religious enthusiasm helped somewhat to this result.

We heard that the *fête* would last two days, but, as there was no preparation made for either dancing or wrestling, we preferred to leave St.-Nicodème before dusk, for more drinking was plainly to wind up the proceedings of the day. It was evident that the greater number of the crowd would spend the night on the ground, either in the carts which showed everywhere among the tree-trunks, in the booths, or on the grass under the chestnut-boughs.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

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## KING CHRISTMAS.

NO! It was not a tenement-house. Definitely not. A tenement-house is one wherein reside three or more families, each doing its own cooking. There were several families in the house, but, with one exception, they boarded and lodged with Mrs. Pensover. The exception was a small family, consisting of a mother, who was a very small woman, and two small children—a boy and a girl. They lived in the hall bedroom front, on the fourth floor. They cooked their own meals—a kettle and a frying-pan comprising their kitchen utensils—a little stove which warmed the room tolerably well in winter, and heated it uncomfortably hot in summer. They were rarely, if ever, seen by the well-to-do boarders, who lived in rooms farther down the chimneys. And Mrs. Pensover's boarders were all well-to-do. Mrs. Pensover kept a fashionable boarding-house, a sort of private hotel, in that four-story and basement brown-stone-front house, situated in one of the most fashionable cross-streets of New York, within a stone's-throw of Fifth Avenue.

Nor was Mrs. Gaston considered poor by any means. No one who dressed in such good taste, and whose dresses were of such costly material, would be thought poor. She was merely in rather reduced circumstances. Just before John Gaston's death she had replenished her stock of every thing, and when the estate paid less than nothing on the dollar, the widow had enough on hand to last, by turning and altering, for a long time, and enough gloves, shoes, and underwear, to stock a small shop. The last of these fine dresses, altered for the second time, she wore now when she went out-of-doors. The rest had been turned and returned, altered and changed until past further change, and were now in use in a new shape by the little girl. The widow was about at the last of every thing.

Yes! She was a widow. John Gaston had been a wheelwright, very successful in his business. He had acquired wealth, acquired a jolly set of friends, and acquired a taste for whiskey. He lost his wealth first, and his friends afterward, but he did not lose his taste for whiskey. That clung to him, and it finished him. His widow, having nothing but her wardrobe, began to look around for some mode of making a living. She would have preferred to teach music, that being a favorite plan of lone females who have to die of hunger, but she knew nothing of music whatever. She could not bore editors with dreary manuscripts, for she wrote badly and spelled worse, and she had neither invention of her own nor the tact to steal the ideas of others. She preferred to die by the needle, that famous instrument of torture which has inflicted so many wounds on human happiness. She obtained occasional employment on embroidery, and the making of fine garments, at a "Ladies' Depository," where genteel poverty is sheltered from the gaze of the inquisitive.

Amelia Gaston knew Mrs. Pensover slightly, and asked her advice. Now, the boarding-house keeper had a spare room, seven feet by

eleven—the hall bedroom before mentioned—which no boarder would occupy. Young, single men fought shy of it. The only one who ever occupied it was young Pilkington, salesman for Quidd & Buckle, hosiers, and he vacated it at the end of a week, declaring it was too small to swing a cat by the tail in. As Amelia had no cat, and was much too kind-hearted to swing it by its tail if she had had one, and as Mrs. Pensover offered it for a dollar and a half per week, the room was speedily taken. And there the widow just managed to maintain herself on the average earnings of four dollars per week. Biddy, in the kitchen, got five; Norah, the chambermaid, the same; and Mary Ann Rosina, the cook, eight—besides their board and lodging; but neither of these persons was genteel. They run the establishment, plundered and ruled their employer, went to church regularly on Sunday mornings, and left gentility to the boarders and Mrs. Gaston.

Now, it was the night before Christmas, and the boarders, safely housed from the storm without, were enjoying themselves. Little John Gaston, aged ten, and his sister Mely, aged eight, were not enjoying themselves so much. In spite of their isolation they had heard of Christmas-gifts and Christmas-dinners, and Christmas merry-making, and had some doubts whether the beneficent genius who gladdened the hearts of other boys and girls would condescend to visit them. They talked together, and put questions to their mother, who, knowing that the poor ten cents' worth of candy stowed away in her work-box was the only gift to be found next morning in their stockings, invented and told them a fairy-story to amuse them. While she was talking she heard the door-bell ring, so vigorously did the visitor pull it, but it did not, apparently, concern her. Much was she surprised then when, after opening the door to a knock, she saw standing there a middle-aged man, very sunburned, apparently, for his dark complexion was out of character with his great fiery beard and auburn hair.

"Mrs. Gaston, this gentleman wishes to see you," said the hall-girl, who had shown him up. And then she went about her business.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the man, speaking huskily from the depths of a great fur-collar, "but—I suppose I have come at a queer time—yet—well, you see, I was informed that I could get you to make me some shirts—they told me so at the depository."

"I make them sometimes," said Amelia. "Will you walk in and sit down?—John, give the gentleman that chair."

The man walked in, bearing an apparently heavy basket, which he deposited on the floor.

"The fact is," said he, "that I want some shirts made up in a hurry, and, though I do not expect you to work on Christmas, I would like you to begin the day after."

He then described the way he wanted the garments to be made, agreed without demur to the price asked, promised to send the material early the next morning, but still sat there.

"These are your children?" he said, interrogatively.

Amelia nodded. She thought, now he had got through his errand, he might go—but she did not say so.

"What is the name of the little girl?" he asked.

"Amelia."

"Come here, my dear," said the stranger. Little Mely looked doubtfully at the heavy beard; but there was a pleasant twinkle in the blue eyes before her, and she soon found herself on the stranger's knee.

"Are you King Christmas?" she asked.

"That is my name just now," he replied;

"it was Kris-mas once."

"And you won't let the goblin Care drive you away?"

"By no manner of means. I should like to catch him at it, that's all," said the stranger, as he unbuttoned his overcoat, and, throwing it back, displayed a handsome suit of black and a shirt-bosom on which glittered a diamond large enough to have been worn by a successful city politician.

Mrs. Gaston explained to him that little Mely's questions referred to a fairy-story she had just been telling.

"So they like fairy-stories, do they, these little people?" said the stranger. "If you'll allow me, I'll tell them a story, not exactly of fairies, but of a boy's adventures. It is not out of a book, and it is all true."

Then, without waiting for permission, he began:

"Once upon a time there was a boy of twenty, who his father, a hard-working mechanic, thought would make a good doctor. So he and the mother pinched themselves a good deal to give him a medical education. They arranged with their family physician to give him instruction, and sent him to a medical school. The boy attended one course of lectures, and then got into a gambling scrape, and lost all the money he had, and more than he had, for he was in debt. He ran away to sea, and shipped on a vessel bound on a three years' cruise—a man-of-war—as a landsman. He had always a fondness for the sea, and expected to have a nice time. He soon learned that a sailor's life is a hard one at best, but under a severe captain worse than that of a dog. However, he worked away obediently enough, and, as it was found out that he had studied medicine for a while, and was rather well-mannered, the surgeon of the ship had him detailed to act as apothecary, so that his position was rather more pleasant than that of his messmates. He became, in spite of this, a tolerably good seaman, and served his time out, a favorite with the officers and crew. When he came home he was paid off, and had quite a sum of money."

"And did he get to be a captain?" inquired little John, when the narrator paused.

"No, my boy; they don't make post-captains in that way. When he was paid off, he intended to go home and make his peace with his parents; but he first went out with some messmates on a frolic, the whole party got drunk, and when he woke up the next day he found himself in the station-house, with his money all gone. His fine was kindly paid by the keeper of a sailors' boarding-house, who,



by way of reimbursing himself, shipped the young man off in a merchantman bound to China. On their voyage there they had to stop at a port in the Malay Archipelago, and passed by a large island called Borneo. They got becalmed off the coast. The morning after this calm, which still continued, they were attacked by a party of natives sailing in long boats called *praus*. They fought bravely enough, but were all killed except one, who managed to hide away just before the pirates boarded the ship. He could not see what they were doing, but he could hear tolerably well. The natives went to work to strip the vessel, taking out every thing portable that they fancied, and even letting down and carrying off the sails. This occupied them until nearly night, when they went off, first kindling a fire on the deck."

"And did she burn up?" inquired John.

"No. As soon as he smelt the smoke, he knew they were gone, and came out from his hiding-place. He managed to extinguish the fire, which hadn't made much headway, and, a gale of wind coming up just then, the *praus* did not wait to return, but put to shore. The gale sank to a gentle breeze, but it lasted long enough to drive the vessel, which answered her helm very well, a good many miles away. The vessel drifted when the wind fell, and John went down and turned in.

"It was daylight when he awoke next morning. He found the ship close to a sandy beach, and tried to turn her head out, but failed. She struck in a little creek of the shore, close to a large rock, and there she was, fast enough. He had to make the best of it. There was no probability she would get off, for it was dead high tide at the time, so he began to search the vessel for something to eat. He found some biscuits in a locker, and made his breakfast off those. Then he went through the vessel to see what was left.

"The Dyaks had carried off all the arms and ammunition that had been in use, and the heads of the captain and of the crew; but there was a secret closet in the cabin of which they knew nothing, and in this was a rifle and a pair of revolvers, with plenty of powder and ball. There was a couple of shot-guns also, with every thing appertaining, and the ship's chronometer. The provision-room had been plundered, and the men's chests broken open and emptied; but there were barrels of biscuit and pork in the hold, with other provisions; and John had no fear of starving. He saw no signs of inhabitants on the shore, and he determined to explore the country. So he let down the jolly-boat, which hung at the davits, armed himself, and rowed to shore. He found himself at the edge of a thick forest. He went into it for some distance, and saw no signs of people. He was glad of that, I can tell you, for the people likely to be found would have been Dyaks, and they have a way of killing or making slaves of strangers. John didn't want to be killed, and did not like to be a slave. So he came back to the boat and rowed to the ship. As he was in a strange place, he determined to make himself as comfortable as possible until some vessel might pass and take him off."

"Yes?" exclaimed little John. He was getting interested.

"The first thing he did was to sew up the dead bodies in sacks, with bits of iron at their feet, and throw them overboard. Then he went to work, like Robinson Crusoe, to get all the useful things on shore possible. He got off the hatches, and rigged a tackle, and thus swung up the barrels of provisions and some bales of muslin, meant for John Chinaman, that he thought would be useful to him. So he worked away day by day, getting every thing he could on shore, among the rest the ship's medicine-chest, and some surgical instruments, which had been overlooked by the Dyaks. He also built him a hut in the woods, among some dense underbrush. It was low, and thatched with leaves, but it answered his ends. And, climbing a tall tree near the shore, he stripped off the upper branches, and hoisted on the top the ship's ensign, with the union down, so that any vessel passing along would know a white man and an American was there in trouble.

"At last a storm came, and broke the ship up, and drove her fragments, some high on the shore, and some out to sea, and buried her keel in the sand. He got some more of her cargo even then, some bales of muslin and other goods, and stowed them in a dry place in the woods, covering them with great leaves, that shed the rain. And he waited and waited for a long time for some ship to come and carry him away. But none came. He had plenty to eat; he had stored away enough of the ship's provisions to feed a number of people for a year; there were wild-fowl for the shooting, fish for the catching, and wild fruit for the gathering; he had plenty of coarse muslin to make himself clothes suitable for the climate; but he was very lonely. So one day he took his rifle and revolvers, with a pocket compass, and made his way inland, loaded with a package of provisions, that he knew would get lighter in his journey. He came, in a few hours, to a stream that he knew must empty into the sea somewhere south of where he had landed, and he went up its banks toward its source. He traveled along till nightfall, keeping the water in view, meeting no animal except here and there some gay-plumaged birds, and some very large butterflies. At night he climbed a tree, and found a place in the forked branches where he could sleep. And he had a bed-fellow, too, that tried to steal his cap."

"I thought you said he met with no animal," interposed Mrs. Gaston, who had followed the narrative with as much interest as had the children.

"True, he had met none during the day; but the monkeys began to appear toward night, and he had no lack of their company afterward. They were only mischievous. Now and then an orang-outang, as the Malays call it, but the Dyaks always say *mias*, made his appearance, but he was more alarmed at John than John was at him, and made off as quickly as possible. Well, next day, John went farther on, and up a branch of the stream away into the high hills, where he began to see some signs of human beings, for he came upon a deserted hut. Then he moved

pretty cautiously, and at length saw a Dyak village. There was but one house in it, but that was a monster. He knew these were savages entirely, for the Dyaks, when they are converted to Mohammedanism, always live in separate dwellings. Still, they were evidently not of the piratical tribes on the coast, and he felt tolerably safe. While he was looking and considering, he heard a noise, and, turning around, saw a dozen or more of half-naked Dyaks, armed with lances, regarding him with some curiosity. He gave himself up for lost; but, cocking his rifle, determined to defend himself."

The stranger paused to take breath, and the family waited anxiously for the rest of the story.

"One of them, who had a little more clothing than the others, dropped the point of his lance, and the rest did the same. Then the leader stalked on, motioning John to follow. There was no help for it, the action seemed to be friendly, and John followed the leader, the rest grouping around and chatting together in a low tone. The chief, for such he was, led the way to the large house, and into an apartment, where John found a young girl lying upon a couch. The leader touched her arm, and looked inquiringly at John. The thing was a puzzle, but he examined the arm, and, finding it out of place, with the head of the bone in the armpit, the whole thing flashed on him. They had heard of some white surgeon at Sarawak possibly, and supposed either that this must be the man, or that all white men had a knowledge of surgery. John reduced the dislocation, and applied cold water, the only lotion at hand. The chief, whose daughter it was, appeared to be delighted, and the by-standers expressed their approval apparently, though their language was unintelligible.

"John determined to make his home there. These were savages, but they were human. So he staid, nursed the young girl, and became quite a popular person. He took a party with him after a few days, brought in the medicine-chest, tools, and goods, from the hut near the shore, distributed the muslins pretty freely among the tribe, and took possession of a house which he made them build for him apart from the common quarters. He remained there two years, married the chief's daughter, and was recognized as court-physician, with a prospect of becoming chief of the tribe in time.

"Fate decided otherwise. His reputation as a skillful curer of diseases spread far and wide, until it reached a large community of Dyaks living near the coast, and reigned over by a rajah. The latter potentate sent an embassy to invite John to become a resident of his court. John's own tribe would not hear of it, and John didn't want to leave the peaceable hill-people for the piratical cut-throats on the shore. The Orang-bandia, as they were called, would not take no for answer. About two weeks after the refusal a war-party came down one night, sacked the village, killed the chief, and a number of others, John's wife among the rest, and carried off John as their prisoner. John had killed several of the invaders during the fight, and he expected to lose his life for it; but it

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appears that the rajah wanted a physician more than vengeance. John was forced to stay there and practise his profession. His wonderful chest was brought with him, and his arms and personal property were returned to him. He made the best of it, set to work to learn the language—these Dyaks speaking the Malay, and being nominally Mohammedans—and became as popular with the new set of barbarians as he had been with the old.

"Here he lived for many years and prospered. He distinguished himself in some of their petty wars, and rose gradually in rank, wealth, and power, until he was styled 'Bāgānda John-bāgānda,' meaning prince. He had influence at last to induce them to change some of their customs, head-hunting, for instance; but piracy he could not change. It would have been dangerous to try it. He married the rajah's daughter, and, on the death of the reigning prince, pushed aside the nephew, and, without opposition, became rajah himself.

"The sea-robbers over whom he reigned had acquired a deal of plunder, and of this the former rajah had taken the lion's share—all the diamonds and precious stones being his perquisite. When John succeeded to the throne, he inherited the fortune of his father-in-law. It was the accumulation of several generations of avaricious monarchs, and was enormous. Among other things kept by his predecessor, though ignorant of its value, was a package of Bank-of-England notes, amounting to twenty thousand pounds sterling. As John looked over this wealth, of no use to him there, he often thought how comfortable it would make him if he only had it in a civilized land. But how to get it away, and himself with it, was the puzzle.

"At last the hour of deliverance came. One day, a runner came to tell the rajah that a large war-ship was off the coast, and he went down to take a look at her. How his heart jumped when he saw the flag, and recognized the stranger for an American! He at once told his vizier that he would be able to secure a supply of powder, of which they were in need, if they could communicate with that ship. He ordered his state *prau* to be made ready, and told them to hoist a flag to attract attention. The flag was the one belonging to his old ship, which he had brought along from the hill-country more as a token of home than from any hope it would ever be of use to him. It served him well now, for it attracted the attention of the ship, which sent a boat's crew, under a midshipman, to ascertain the meaning. On approaching the shore, John hailed them in English, bade the Dyaks stand back, and went alone to have a conversation with the new-comers. He explained to the midshipman that he desired to escape, but had no wish to go empty-handed, and the two concerted a plan by which he would be enabled to get away with his property.

"The rajah, returning, told his vizier that they could get the powder, but must pay for it. All that night he sat up and packed his precious stones, pearls, and such like, and had a large quantity of gold put up in kegs. The next morning these were taken

to the shore, where a large boat came carrying powder-kegs filled with rubbish. In exchange, the gold and jewels were placed on the boat. The rajah then had his *prau* manned to pay a state visit to the ship, but, once safe on board, the *prau* was sent back, the ship got under way, and John never saw his dominions again."

"And did he get to America?" asked the boy.

"Yes. The sloop-of-war landed him and his effects at Singapore, whence he got passage to England, where he exchanged his Bank-of-England notes and his gold for drafts on the United States, first disposing of the greater part of his gems for the same securities, the whole amounting to nearly half a million dollars. He came here, but found his parents had been long dead. His only sister, a girl of ten when he left, had been married and was a widow. He had trouble to find her out—advertised in vain in the papers—and at length discovered where she was. He learned she was very poor. It was Christmas-eve when he discovered all this. So he went to a store and bought a basket, which he filled with all kinds of nice things for her and the children, went to where she lived, amused her and the children with the story of his adventures, and then opened the basket"—and he lifted the lid as he said this—"and told them to help themselves, for their Uncle Joseph—not John, by any means, who had been the Rajah Kris-mas, or, in English, 'Knife of Gold,' had turned himself into King Christmas for their especial pleasure."

The children fairly screamed with delight at sight of the good things; but Mrs. Gaston was bewildered and somewhat incredulous.

"You are not at all like what my brother Joseph used to be," she said.

"I should think not," replied the brother. "I have changed a deal in so many years. But here," he continued, baring his right wrist—"here is the scar where I cut myself when a boy—that has not changed. Here is the same coarse, red hair, which father said looked like carrots cut into strings. And, if that is not enough, don't you remember this?" He put his fur cap on his head, and, by a voluntary motion of the muscles of the scalp, threw the head-covering on the floor—a trick which Amelia well remembered, and which she had never before seen done by any one else. His identity was evident, and the next day when he called with his beard reduced to whiskers and mustaches, the resemblance of features to those of his father was unmistakable.

Mrs. Pensover lost the tenant of her hall bedroom in a short while, for Joseph Prince bought a handsome house up-town, furnished it luxuriously, and took his sister to keep house for him. He settled a competence on the children, and, for all I know, is unmarried yet, unless his former wife, the Pärmasuri Nila Kāndi, be alive. But whether or not, the future of the young Gastons is assured, and they live in clover, being great favorites of their uncle, though they irreverently nickname him King Christmas.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

## THE FRATERNITY OF MEDICINE-MEN.

NO the traveler detained long at an Indian trading-post, the monotony of the existence becomes irksome in the extreme. The scenery about the stockade is generally limited to a boundless view of the level prairie on three sides, and a meagre one of the river on whose banks it stands. The daily routine of life within the walls, which contributes to distract the attention of the post officials, comes to have an appalling sameness to the mere looker-on. It is then that the consumption of tobacco becomes something alarming, and that the mind grasps at the most trivial incident as a means of appeasing its weariness. The fit of one's moccasins is a matter to be thought seriously about, and the composition of one's dinner is a subject of deep contemplation.

This hibernal torpor, as it may be called, generally sets in more acutely in the autumnal months, when the increasing cold half locks the rivers in ice, forbidding the use of canoe or boat, and drives the sportsman from the plains with its frigid breath. It continues with but little cessation until mid-winter, when the trappers and Indians arrive with the first of the winter's catch of furs. True, there are occasional times of bustle, created by the arrivals and departures which constantly take place in a country where locomotion may be said to be the normal condition of the people. But this temporary excitement only serves to plunge one into corresponding depths of depression when it is over, and the sameness of the life afterward becomes absolutely funereal. Every thing readable in the scanty library is read so often that it seems to one as if he could close his eyes and repeat the whole collection *verbatim*; the acquaintance of all the live-stock is cultivated until one may be said to possess the intimacy of every dog and cat in the post, and the autobiographies of all the officers and servants are heard so repeatedly that one feels competent to reproduce them in manuscript in the event of their decease.

Fortunately, during this season of inactivity, occurs the annual celebration of a festival peculiar to a mystic brotherhood permeating the nomadic peoples round about. Each autumn the fraternity of medicine-men celebrate the dog-feast in the vicinity of the principal trading-stations.

An inclosure about forty feet long by twenty-five broad, fenced in with branches of trees, is laid off on the prairie. It is situated due east and west, and has an opening in either end for purposes of entrance and exit. The ceremony occupies two or three days, during which the ground in the interior of the inclosure is covered with savages, who sit alongside each other, drawn up close inside the fence. In a line running lengthways through the centre are erected perpendicular poles, with large stones at their bases, both stones and poles colored red over different portions of their surfaces by the blood of the dog-sacrifice. The animals are selected and killed, and, after lying exposed on the stones beside the poles during the per-

formance of certain ceremonies by the medicine-men—whose medicine-bags, composed of the skins of wild animals, form an important feature of the ceremony—are cooked and eaten. The dog-meat, when prepared, presents a very uncouth and repulsive appearance as it is borne from man to man in shapeless trenches that each may select the portion he intends to devour.

To the casual spectator such a ceremony as the dog-feast seems a confused conglomeration of frivolous rites and genuflections, destitute alike of meaning and design. One might be tempted to believe that the principal and most rational object of the assemblage was to eat the dogs. Inquiry, however, of any well-informed resident of the country, elicits the reply that the unfortunate beings are assembled for what, in their eyes, is the celebration of a solemn act of communion with the spirits. That such communion is real has been believed, to our knowledge, by many clergymen and priests in the Indian country, though, of course, their theory is that it exists with the powers of darkness. It probably lies much with the accidental bias of each man's mind, whether he inclines to so serious a view of these barbarous proceedings, or mentally attributes to them much the same amount of spiritual efficacy which he would to the fantastic contortions of some Eastern devotee.

The nominal object of this feast is to make medicine. What medicine this is, we are unable to state with precision. The Indians have many medicines, composed for the most part of roots, and sometimes possessed of real medicinal virtue. Sarsaparilla, for instance, is used by them. Some are said to be highly poisonous, and even to exercise what we presume would to a physician appear an unaccountable effect. The permanent contortion of feature, the growth of hair over the entire body, the eruption of black, ineffaceable blotches on the skin, are alleged to be the consequences of partaking of some of them, either by swallowing or inhaling their fumes. Frequent examples of the results above cited have come under the personal observation of the writer, who can vouch for the effect produced.

We had employed at one time, as a servant in the family, a Salteaux girl, of about twenty years of age. As a natural result of her presence about the establishment, numerous Indians of both sexes, claiming ties of consanguinity of more or less remoteness, daily besieged the culinary department of our domestic economy. The matter became unbearable, finally, as it often occurred that the kitchen-floor was nearly covered with the squatting relatives. The girl was ordered to refuse admittance to any being, of either sex, habited in a blanket. It happened that the first candidate presenting himself for admittance after the receipt of this prohibitory order was an old conjurer, or medicine-man. The door was unceremoniously shut in his face. He lingered about, however, until some duty called the girl outside the door, when, after threatening her with dire revenge, he took his departure. The poor domestic was much alarmed, and reported his threats. Little attention was paid to it, and

the winter passed away without a further call from the conjurer.

In the early spring, the girl by some accident cut her hand slightly—not sufficiently deep, however, to necessitate binding up. Before it healed, she was one day engaged in carrying water from an adjacent stream, when the conjurer unexpectedly approached her. Professing to have forgotten his ejection of the previous winter, he proffered his hand in a friendly way to the girl, who thoughtlessly gave him in return the wounded member. He shook it a long time, squeezing it tightly in his own. The sore smarted considerably, and upon withdrawing her hand by reason of the pain, she noticed some dark substance in the palm of the conjurer's hand. The thought then occurred to her that he had poisoned the sore. She was assured of it by the medicine-man, who informed her that she would break out in black blotches for one month in each year, ever afterward. One year from that date black eruptions appeared over her entire body, each spot about the size of a dime silver coin. They continued upon her person, without any severe pain, for one month, when they disappeared. For three successive years—as long as we had knowledge of her—the eruptions occurred regularly, and continued for the allotted time.

Among the visiting Indians who called perennially at our kitchen-door during the winter months, was a middle-aged woman suffering from a loss of power to move the facial muscles. This incapacity was brought on, according to her own testimony, and that of others cognizant of the circumstances, some five years before our first acquaintance with her, by certain drugs administered by a conjurer. These medicines were given her to produce that effect alone, without reference to the prevention or cure of other diseases, and were taken without her knowledge, being mingled surreptitiously with her food. The effect soon showed itself in a total loss of power in the facial muscles. She became as expressionless as a mask. Only the eyes moved; and, as they were intensely black and rather sparkling eyes, the ghastly deformity was rendered the more glaring. The most singular effect was produced, however, by her laugh. She was a jolly, good-natured squaw, and laughed upon the slightest provocation. Her eyes sparkled, and her "Ha! ha!" was musical to a degree; but not a muscle moved to denote the merriment on that expressionless face. One felt that some one else laughed behind that rigid integument, and was fain to pull it off, and see the dimples and curves it concealed. The sensation was that of being in the presence of an enigma one could not comprehend. No idea could be formed of what she thought at any time; but when she waxed merry her countenance was more than ever a death-mask.

As to the growth of hair over the body, we remember to have seen but one instance of it. That was an old man from a tribe dwelling in the swamps and marshes. He was entirely covered with a thick coating of hair nearly an inch in length. Only about the eyes was there any diminution in the

quantity, where for nearly an inch in a circle there was no hair. He attributed the phenomenon to a decoction of certain herbs given him by a medicine-man whom he had mortally offended. His family, so far as we saw of them, were innocent of any hirsute covering.

In a family of three Cree Indians of advanced age, a sister and two brothers, named respectively Sallie, Creppe, and Hornie, once pensioners of ours at an isolated trading-post, perhaps the strangest effects of the medicine-man's drugs appeared. These old people had been poisoned in early youth, with a different effect in each case. Sallie, who was a hanger-on about the kitchen, lost the nails of her fingers and toes regularly every year at the season when birds moult their feathers. This phenomenon had never failed to occur annually since the medicine had been taken in infancy. There was but little pain connected with this shedding of the nails, and they soon grew out again. Her brother Creppe was afflicted with an eruption of warts over his entire person, and was altogether as hideous a looking object as could well be imagined. The divisions of his fingers and toes were hidden by these monstrous excrescences; from his ears depended warts nearly an inch in length; in fact, he was covered with them all over except his eyes. At certain seasons of the year they became very painful, and deprived him of the power of locomotion.

But in the case of Hornie—a name conferred by some facetious Scotch trader, in allusion to a fancied resemblance to his Satanic majesty—the effects of the poison were of quite another character. Hornie's hair was simply changed from a generally deep black to alternate streaks of black and white. These streaks were about an inch in width, and ran from the forehead to the back of the head. The line of demarcation between the two colors was very abrupt and distinct; the white color being the purest that can be imagined. There was no gradual merging from iron-gray to gray, thence to white; it was the whiteness of unsullied snow throughout the streak. And it never changed.

We do not feel that strangers to the subject of which we write will receive these incidents with the confidence which they deserve, nor even that those who are somewhat familiar with the actual circumstances will admit every inference to be drawn to be the living truth; but our own assurance is so clear and strong that we can only judge the critic by his judgment of it. We know what we assert, and are upon honor with the reader.

Medical gentlemen in the country have differed in their opinions as to the ability of Indians to cause the above-described symptoms; and, so far as we can gather, the subject is a difficult one, and resolves itself more into a question of evidence of facts than of the medical property of the roots and drugs.

The writer was furnished an opportunity of examining at his leisure the contents of many medicine-bags at a certain Indian mission-station in a northern country. These bags had formerly been the property of sundry medicine-men, who, on their conversion to Christianity, had transferred them to the keeping of the reverend missionary. There

was a miscuo building formed embryo stuffed natural evidence. The co chests tic cur wrappe self, wi and du temic packag tensive were m rieties and tro of the ing ski mals a and be of rep any ves There were differe each p individ howeve packag what p in wha Am cine-ba ages of sidered drugs. aided dients, of the mal to The fl beaver or guar differen these co guardi having entire l it wer diums tled to and he As the of this place l mands The of lim Their differ figure l and co What selves, it muc never tion of their o Bu of the



was a large collection of them thrown promiscuously upon the floor of a small out-building. The bags were, for the most part, formed of the skins of various wild beasts in embryotic state, taken off whole, and so stuffed as to retain as much as possible the natural position of the animal. They had evidently served as the totems of the owners. The contents of these primitive medicine-chests were as varied as the most enthusiastic *curio* could desire. Each article was wrapped carefully in a separate parcel by itself, with the inner bark of the birch-tree, and duly labeled as to its contents with totemic symbols. An unwrapping of these packages resulted in the discovery of an extensive assortment of ingredients. There were many dried herbs of many different varieties—bark and leaves of strange plants and trees; white and orange colored powders of the finest quality, and evidently demanding skill in their preparation; claws of animals and talons of birds; colored feathers and beaks; a few preserved skins and teeth of reptiles; but a total absence of liquids or any vessels that could be used to carry them. There were several plants, packages of which were found in every bag; but the majority differed greatly, and the *materia medica* of each practitioner seemed to be the result of individual choice and research. One thing, however, was common to all—the small package of human finger and toe nails. Of what peculiar signification they were, or used in what malady, we are unable to state.

Among the other contents of the medicine-bags, and common to all, were small images of wood, the presence of which was considered essential to the proper efficacy of the drugs. This was the real totem which presided over the effectual use of the ingredients, and represented the guardian spirit of the owner. The Indians believe every animal to have had a great original or father. The first buffalo, the first bear, the first beaver, the first eagle, etc., was the Manitou, or guardian spirit of the whole race of these different creatures. They chose some one of these originals as their special Manitou, or guardian; and hence arose the custom of having its representation as the totem of an entire tribe. But the medicine-men, being, as it were, the priests of the spirits and mediums between them and the world, are entitled to a special guardian spirit of their own, and hence carry his totem among their drugs. As they profess to heal through the direction of this spirit or guardian, they very properly place his image among the means he commands to be used.

These images were, as a matter of course, of limited size and rough workmanship. Their designs were various, and represented different animals, birds, reptiles, the human figure in strange attitudes, the sun and moon, and combinations of all these in many forms. Whatever they held to be superior to themselves, they deified; but they never exalted it much above humanity, and these images never betrayed the expression of a conception of a supernatural being on the part of their owners.

But, whatever may have been the value of the contents of these medicine-bags, cer-

tain it is that a fraternity of medicine-men exists among the Indians, and that those without its pale look with great awe upon the power of its members. The latter are the great actors in the dog-feasts. They make medicine for the recovery of the sick, who apply for their assistance, and initiate novices into the mysteries of the fraternity. In payment for each exercise of these offices, a remuneration of some value is required; the charges being, like those of many of the medical profession, in proportion to the wealth of the patient. In many cases it happens that, through a pretty thorough knowledge of the virtues of certain herbs, a firm determination on the part of the sufferer not to die, and a constitution inured to noxious lotions of every kind, the medicine-man effects a cure. Some of his cures and specifics are wonderful, too.

The writer recalls to memory a certain buffalo-hunt in which he once participated, accompanying a French-Indian family. Among the members of this nomadic domestic circle was a young woman of about nineteen years of age, and of not very strong *physique*. It happened one day that, in drawing a loaded shot-gun from the cart by the muzzle, the charge exploded, and passed entirely through her body in the region of the chest. The gun being not over twenty inches distant from her person when discharged, the shot left a hole through which one's finger could be thrust. We were tented on the plain, hundreds of miles from settlements, and totally destitute alike of medical knowledge and remedies. The girl was given up for lost, of course. Near our own camp, however, were a few lodges of Indians, and among them, as usual, a medicine-man. The report of the accident soon reaching the Indian *tepees*, this conjurer stalked over to our tents, and looked without comment for a time upon the unskilled efforts being made for the sufferer's relief. At length he addressed the father of the girl, offering to cure her if she was intrusted to his care. Clutching at this straw, in the absence of any better thing, with the girl's consent the father accepted the proposal; and the patient was transferred to the lodge of the medicine-man. Strange as it may appear, the woman recovered after a time, under the drugs and care of the conjurer, and was able to return home with us at the termination of the hunt. We saw her some years after, and she expressed herself as enjoying perfect health. The payment for effecting this cure was, if we recollect aright, two Indian ponies, which, it is needless to say, were cheerfully paid.

On his initiation into the mysteries of the brotherhood, the candidate, besides paying the medicine-men a fair price, must be a man known to the adepts as eligible. This eligibility consists, it has been contended, in physical perfection alone; but, having known conjurers who were deformed from birth, and others maimed at the time of their initiation, we incline to the opinion that mental characteristics are those most closely examined. A certain dignity of appearance, a severe and mysterious manner, and a more than usual taciturnity and secretiveness in the candidate, are favorably considered. Dif-

ferent tribes, however, or, it may be, different schools of medicine, have their distinct methods of initiation. The most curious initial ceremony coming under our own observation was that of a tribe in the far North. The candidate was required to repair to the forests for a certain number of days, to be passed in fasting, until, from extreme physical privation, he should be wrought up to close communion with the spirits. He then returned, and entered the pale of the fence marking the limits of the dog-feast, to be at once surrounded by a circle of conjurers and braves of his tribe, who indulged in a wild dance. In the midst of this dance a live dog (white in color, if to be had) was brought within the circle by the instructing medicine-man, and handed to the novice. Seizing the sacrificial canine by the neck and a hind-leg, the candidate finished his initiation by devouring the animal alive. The spectacle of this poor wretch, his face covered with blood, the howls and contortions of the suffering animal, and the yelling, dancing demons, circling about in their monotonous dance, was appalling to the last degree. The dogs consumed were generally of small size, but in some instances large ones were given, and the neophyte was in a gorged and semi-dormant condition at the termination of his repast.

With some few orders of medicine-men physical torture in the initiation obtains. The candidate, to cure others, must be a perfect physical man himself; and, as he may occasion pain to his patients, must be able to endure it without murmur in his own person. At an appointed time he appears before a medicine-man, who cuts four gashes about three inches long on the shoulders near the point. With a smooth stick of hard wood he makes a hole underneath the slits he has cut, and taking in an inch or more in width, and through which a buffalo-thong is passed and tightly tied. Then the breast is served in the same manner. After this one thong is fastened to a long pole, the other to a buffalo-skull, or other heavy weight, with about ten feet of rope between the back and skull. The candidate then jumps into a lively dance, singing a song in keeping with the performance, and jerking the skull about so fast that at times it is four or five feet from the ground, all the time pulling as best he can at the thong fastened to the pole by jumping back and swinging upon it. At times the flesh on back and breast seems to stretch eight or ten inches, and, when let up, closes down again with a pop. This dancing and racing continues until the flesh-fastenings break. The novice is by that time a terrible-looking object, and so nearly exhausted that he has to be helped away. His wounds are washed and bound up, presents are made to him, and he is thenceforth recognized as a medicine-man.

A fast of ten days' duration has been stated to us, on oral and trustworthy testimony, as a necessary preliminary among some tribes to becoming a conjurer. During the time indicated the candidate sleeps among the branches of a tree, where a temporary residence has been fitted up for him. His dreams are carefully treasured up in his recollection,

and he believes that the spirits who are afterward to become his familiars then reveal themselves to him. Indeed, this intent watching for his spiritual familiars is the principal object of his retirement and fast. He is taught to believe in two kinds of spirits, one eminently good, the other eminently evil. But the latter are inferior in power to the former. The good spirits are his guardians and familiars, yet he may use the devices of the evil ones if he so desire. Every accident of life with a medicine-man is accounted for by spiritual agency. An amusing incident may serve to show the extent to which this belief may be carried:

A small company of Indians drifted into the writer's premises one winter's day for the purpose of begging provisions. Among the number were several noted conjurers. Some freak of curiosity tempted us to try how far their belief in the supernatural would carry them; and, having a large music-box in our possession, it was wound up and placed unnoticed upon the table. In a moment it began playing, and the notes of "Bonnie Doon," "The Lass o' Gowrie," etc., reverberated through the apartment. At its first chords the faces of the savages assumed a wondering, dazed expression. But, quickly recovering from that phase of amazement, they began to trace the sound to its origin. After some minutes of deep attention, one old man evidently discovered the source, and without a moment's hesitation raised his gun and fired it at the box. It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that the instrument was, to use a nautical expression, "a total wreck." The conjurer asserted that the music was produced by an evil spirit concealed in the box, and could only be driven out by a gunshot. Our curiosity was satisfied, but at a considerable expense.

For whole nights previous to the public and final ceremony of the dog-feast, the principal medicine-man, installed in his medicine-tent, instructs his pupils. The quaint party is accompanied by an individual who beats the medicine-drum, the monotonous tones of which are kept up during the whole time the lesson continues. What special branch of medical science is instilled into the minds of the pupils we do not know. It is probably but a lesson in incantation or some senseless jugglery, intended to awe the candidate; for the medicine-men are acute deceivers, and as despotic and absurd in social life as are the priests and oracles and conjurers of civilized man in another hemisphere.

It has been our good fortune to see some of the tricks performed by the medicine-men, among the most curious of which is one analogous to the celebrated Davenport trick. The conjurer in every instance permitted an inspection of tent and person; he was then securely tied inside the tent and left alone for a moment, when he would appear untied at the door; a moment later he would be tied again. This trick is, in certain localities, quite common among them, and exceedingly well performed. They exhibit also many other feats of jugglery, in themselves very curious and interesting, but not calling for notice in this paper.

An interesting circumstance obtains, how-

ever, in their weather divinations. During stormy weather, the medicine-man may be heard in his tent engaged in loud incantations. After half a day spent in this manner, he appears, and predicts at what time the storm will begin to abate, the direction the wind will take, and the time that will elapse before its entire cessation. In short, he gives a complete meteorological and storm table; and, in the many instances in which these predictions were made in our presence, they invariably proved correct.

However, neither from undoubted medicine-men who have been converted to the Christian faith, nor from any others of whom we have heard, has any thing worth knowing in relation to what may be termed the mysteries of the ceremonies above indicated been ever elicited. Christian ex-conjurers have, we believe, been known to express an opinion that they possessed a power when pagans which they were unable to exercise after baptism. What this belief may be worth we do not know.

H. M. ROBINSON

(late Vice-Consul at Winnipeg, B. N. A.).

### A WEDDING-MARCH-ON TRIAL.

DAY with dewy eve was blending,  
Clouds lay piled in radiant state,  
When a fine young German farmer  
Rode up to the parson's gate.

Clinging to him on a pillow  
Was a maiden fair and tall,  
Blushing, trembling, palpitating—  
Smiling brightly through it all.

Said the farmer: "Goot Herr Pastor,  
Marguerite und I vas coome  
Diesen evening to be married,  
Dhen mit her I makes mine home."

Soon the nuptial-tie was fastened;  
Soon the kiss received and given.  
In that moment earth had vanished—  
They had caught a glimpse of heaven!

But the prudent German farmer  
First recalled his transcended wits;  
Said: "Herr Pastor, here's von skilling;  
Choost at present ve vas quits."

"But, dake notice, if I finds her—  
Marguerite, mine frau, mine queen—  
Ven der year vas gone, is better  
As goot, by dhen, I coomes again."

Twelve months sped with 'wondering fleetness  
Down Time's pathway past recall,  
Then there came a barrel rolling,  
Thundering through the parson's hall,

With this note: "I send, Herr Pastor,  
Mit ein barrel of besten flour,  
Dhen five dollars—for mine Marguerite  
More better as goot is every hour."

"Dot shmall leetle baby is ein darling!  
If dhey shstay so goot, vy dhen,  
Vhen dot year vas gone, Herr Pastor,  
Quick, booty soon, you hear again."

On the wedding-march went singing,  
Sweeter, tenderer than before.  
At the year's end it came drumming  
Gayly at the parson's door,

With this note: "Here vas five dollars  
Und ein barrel of besten flour;  
Marguerite und dot dear baby  
More better as goot is—more and more."

"Now dot funny leetle baby  
Sucks de ink vot's in mine pen,  
Makes me laugh—I dink, Herr Pastor,  
Next year I vill coome again."

Down the years the pair went marching,  
Hand in hand, from dawn to dawn,  
Bearing each the other's crosses,  
Wearing each the other's crown.

And from year to year came rolling,  
Straight into the parson's door,  
That "ein barrel of besten flour,"  
Always "mit five dollars" more.

They have passed their golden wedding,  
Children's children in their train,  
Sweeter grows the wedding music,  
Gentler, tenderer the strain.

Fainter now and like an echo,  
From the bright, the better land,  
Restfully they wait and listen,  
Full of peace, for heaven's at hand!

Moral: O ye men and brethren,  
Who to marry have a mind,  
Pay the parson, as, *with trial*,  
Bliss or misery you find.

NOTE.—Many years since a clergyman was the recipient of this droll but most comprehensive way of rewarding his services.

FANNY BARROW.

### ATTRACTIVE HOUSES.

"SHOW me your bill of company, instead of your bill of fare," is the remark attributed to a shrewd and experienced social critic. How well he knew that no gastronomic achievements could take the place of genial society; that no marvels of cookery could lift a dull dinner company out of its own dull level, or atone to a person of brains and taste for the fixed vicinity for two or three hours of a brace of bores! Given the social success, let the bill of company be all that it should be, and no one would be indifferent to the triumphs of culinary art. But, unless to a professed gourmand, the latter is of much less importance than it is generally supposed to be, and the former alone of absolute necessity, if one is desirous—and who is not?—of having an attractive house. I have known what are called high livers, those who were very fond of the pleasures of the table, who would persistently avoid what they knew to be a dull house on dinner occasions, though they also knew that the bill of fare was fit to set before a king.

But the test of an attractive house is not in its *invited* company always, though that may be finely selected; for a large visiting-list and observant shrewdness, together with experience, will enable many a hostess to give delightful parties. The really attractive house is that where attractive people, people of brains, and taste, and character, like to "drop in." There are such rare combinations of circumstances and conditions, of traits and temper, which are necessary to make this attractiveness, that such houses

are not plentiful. One absolute condition is a certain domestic harmony. A family-jar is fatal. A Madame Récamier could scarcely "hold her own" in such an atmosphere. It is hardly less absolute that the hostess should, above all things, have the quality of appreciation, and the tact to conceal her preferences where this appreciation would lead her into absorbing interests in individuals. A real liking for social companionship, which does not have its slightest root in vanity, and therefore is not merely self-seeking, but instead self-lifting, would complete these conditions so happily that one might well question whether they have ever been fulfilled. But, rare as they are, we now and then find that they are not impossible. A hostess of this temper and tact would be sure to make her guests comfortable physically. She would have no draughts from swinging doors and unheated chambers. She would be sure that her rooms were properly ventilated, and that no scent of yesterday's dinner lurked in un-aired corners.

"I hate to go to Mrs. Blank's, because she hasn't any nose," said a gentleman, recently, to an intimate friend.

"No nose! what on earth do you mean?" queried the friend.

"I don't mean the facial protuberance of bone and cartilage. I mean that she has no nose for all the purposes that a nose is good for. I smell dead dinners in her house from January till May. She's a pretty woman, she's a bright woman, and amiable to a degree. Her house is as pretty as she is, and she's hospitality itself, but I can't get used to those dead dinners. They smother all my fancies, all my ideas, with their charnel-house suggestions.

So it is inevitable that the hostess of the House Beautiful must have a nose of the most sensitive construction as an olfactory.

The very best aid to ventilation is an open fire. It needs not to be that expensive luxury, a hearth fire of wood; an open grate, or one of the pretty open-grate stoves which are just now coming into the market, will serve the purpose. With this open fire Mrs. Blank would be able to burn up literally all her dead-dinner odors, and people with sensitive noses could nurse their finest fancies in the sweetened atmosphere thus created. I once occupied the back-parlor directly over the basement-kitchen in a Boston boarding-house. The house was heated with a furnace, and for a time I endured the mingled scents of dead and living dinners with what patience I might. It was a brief time, however, for discovering the possibility of an open fire in a long-disused and furniture-hidden grate, I made a fresh arrangement with my landlady at once, and, turning off the furnace-heat, built up an open fire, which, with care, seldom died out. I had no further trouble with dinner or any other disagreeable odors, while rooms in the second and third story would gather now and then unsavory scents, which could not be easily dispelled; my back-parlor, even with its close kitchen vicinity, was invariably sweet and healthy.

So sweet and pure was the air in comparison with the other rooms, that my neighbors on the second and third floors, who would

now and then drop in upon me, invariably exclaimed, "How pleasant the air is here, and how very odd that you don't get the scents from the basement!" Of course, the closure of that detestable "hole in the floor" had something to do with the banishment of the basement scents; but not every thing, as I discovered very quickly when a warm day came and my fire went out. Then, with insidious, creeping footsteps, the little fiends of foul smells came stealing in under my door. A handful of kindlings lighted in that blessed grate, and presto!—the fiends were burned up in purifying flames in good orthodox fashion, as fiends ought to be. Let no misguided house-keeper think that she can insure all this beauty and comfort by that meanest of shams—a gas-log. Neither sweetness of atmosphere nor ideal pleasure can be found in that glaring humbug. No after-dinner odors can be burnt up in that blaze, no fine fancies flower out in that ghastly light. But, with the grate filled with soft or hard coal, or, best of all, with wood, one need not trouble one's self with other ventilators, nor with the lack of fine furniture. And so the wise woman, who is desirous of making an attractive house, will in her parlor arrangements first of all establish an open fire!

The next thing to be considered is the seating of your friends. You had better by far sacrifice a picture, or a bust you had set your mind on with a view of its giving grace and beauty to your room, than have a scarcity of comfortable chairs. If you can't have both, dispense with high art in this case, for you can't dispense with the other, which, in the nature of human nature, is a necessity. Nobody can be at ease in a chair too high or too low, or that bulges in the back where it ought to curve inward, or with any other of the uneasy angles and hard lines that are so often the torment of a visitor doomed to the "best parlor" with its "best chairs." Seven or eight—it may be ten—years ago, a certain style of furniture came into vogue and "raged" to the extent that a fresh "style" is sure to do with the majority of people who blindly suppose that a "fashion" of furnishing is indispensable to the elegance of their houses. This style was known, I believe, as the mediæval pattern. It produced tall, hard-seated chairs, with straight, high backs, and tall, straight-backed sofas or lounges, upon which no mortal could even appear at ease. It did not show a single curve of grace or aspect of luxury. It was rigid, stiff, and uncompromising, and I never knew a party to go off well in rooms with which it was furnished. In the "attractive houses," where we like to "drop in," there is never any fashion in the furniture. It may be costly, of carved rosewood and satin. It is quite as likely to be of simplest material, and within the range of a limited purse. But it is comfortable. That is the grand desideratum. I know of two parlors, one in the vicinity of Boston, where this "attractiveness" is entirely the result of taste and tact.

An open fire confronts you as you enter this latter parlor—an open fire of wood blazing forth from an old-fashioned stove. There are no costly pictures upon the walls, only a

few engravings. Groups of ferns nod from the mantel-shelf, and all the doorways are fringed with evergreens. Pots of flowers cluster at the windows; and vines hang from the cornices of the simple lace curtains. About the fire, low, inviting-looking chairs stand hospitably. These chairs are well worn and of various designs, and, sitting there in the light of the cheerful blaze, you will never miss any freshness or costliness of furnishing or decoration. In this parlor some of the brightest men and women of the day "drop in" of an evening, or in the late hours of the afternoon, when the genial blaze from the open stove throws joyous invitations of welcome in long streams of light from the low windows.

The other parlor is a rather famous reception-room in the southern part of New England, in the small State that adjoins Massachusetts. Its hostess has entertained most of the famous men and women who were in their prime forty years ago, but she will never grow old herself, and still holds her court with a younger generation with undiminished sway. Her rooms are somehow regions of enchantment. Yet, if you examine critically, you will discover that it would be difficult to find furnishings of less cost. But a bit of drapery here and there, soft groupings of color, mellow lights, not the strong, fierce glare of a full blazing chandelier, easy-chairs, and an open fire, make a harmonious whole, which, with the atmosphere of the hostess herself, completes a charm as delightful as rare. People visit these houses with a frequency they have no time for in other quarters. And the reason is obvious. Here are to be found the realities of ideal social life—what every one imagines, yet what few are able to realize, either in their own homes or in another's. And these ideal realities are freedom from conventionalities, together with a cultured refinement, which gives to the barest simplicities a grace and charm which costly display always lacks. After all, it ought not to be so difficult to find such attractive houses. The list of "conditions" is not so lengthy nor the requirements so hard but it would seem easy of fulfillment if one should seriously and thoughtfully consider it, and set about it as one of the finest achievements to be accomplished. A socially sympathetic nature, a little taste and tact, and—a sensitive nose! There is the recipe.

NORA PERRY.

## THE MISCHIEF OF PROVERBS.

IDEAS may rule the world; but mere terms govern the majority of mankind. And when these are aptly and compactly expressed, they are likely to be accepted as true without question or examination. Hence the force and influence of proverbs and phrases in proverbial form. The falseness or fallacy they may contain is hidden or unsuspected in their easy and frequent iteration. They are quoted not only as reasons for certain questionable conduct, but as palliations and excuses for conduct that is unmistakably



base. While many are unable to see their full significance, many more are unwilling to see it, and try to hoodwink others by flippant and noisy repetition.

Proverbs at best are seldom more than partial truths, and at worst are often the meanest of falsehoods. They are specious generally, and their speciousness frequently veils their sophistry and their moral deformity.

"The world owes a man a living" is one of the pleasant fallacies by which both lazy and unprincipled fellows seek to evade duty to themselves and responsibility to others. The world may possibly owe a man a living when irreparable adversity has overtaken him; when he has failed after repeated trials, or when he cannot get work. But it certainly does not, if he folds his arms, or, through wretched vanity misnamed pride, refrains from honest labor which he counts unworthy. He in whose mouth the phrase oftenest is, is very apt to be a professional loafer or sponge, or, still worse, a genteel swindler—a borrower of money without expectation or thought of its return. He affects to believe that the world is indebted to him, although he has rendered it no service; has given it absolutely nothing to base an obligation on. He is usually a drone in the beehive of life; a claimant of merit he does not possess; a sycophant, a sham, and a bully combined.

Beware of the man who is voluble about the debt this busy ball has incurred by his birth! He is not to be trusted. His fondness for the proverb indicates his antipathy to work—and the enemy of work is the enemy of society—offers just ground for suspicion; is an argument against his character. The few men who are the world's creditors will be very sure to keep silent concerning the fact, if they recognise it; though the great probability is that they will be too modest to be conscious of their large deserving.

There is a pride in merit that bridles the tongue as well as humbles the judgment of its own performance. But the fellow who has the globe on the debit side of his ledger, can rarely balance his account save by a liberal entry of immitigable self-conceit.

"All stratagems are fair in love and war" is one of the most atrocious sentiments ever uttered. An ingenious devilry lies in its wording; for it couples two things that are entirely opposite. Love is the antipode of war; not its contradiction alone, but its extinction. Assent to the latter part of the proverb might be readily gained; but never to the former from any mind of moral sanity. The cunning of the verbal contrivance is therefore palpable. The enormity of half the phrase is concealed in the plausibility of the other half.

Stratagems in love? Who can think of them without abhorrence. The connection is unnatural, inhuman. Mephistopheles lurks in the suggestion. Love is the one thing above aught else that should be dealt with in strictest honesty; that should be revered, worshiped, glorified. To take any advantage of love would be—if any thing were—an unpardonable sin; for love is the queen of vir-

tues, the angel part of our common humanity. It is so pure, so sweet, so tender, so generous, so noble, so confiding, so spontaneous, that to wrong it by a thought—much more to deceive it—is wicked in the extreme. And then to employ stratagem deliberately, and likewise to justify it, is simply infamous. He would be bold indeed who should have the courage to father so vile a maxim. The bitterest cynic has never said any thing to surpass or exceed this, which strikes at all faith, and in its spirit aims to strangle what is best in human nature.

Not one person in a hundred that quote the words takes in their entire meaning. The attention is directed to stratagem and war—those two terms linger in the memory—and love and the suggestion of its monstrous treatment are kept in the background until familiarity with the phrase renders the whole acceptable. If the adage should be so curtailed as to include love only, there are not many who would not be startled by its utterance. Then it would stand—it should so stand with its present appendage—as a semi-apology of *roads* and profligates to public decency; and the right kind of people would never mention it except in condemnation.

"Charity begins at home" is generally the excuse of selfishness for lack of generosity. Yet many who are not naturally selfish may be made so by taking what they deem a prudential admonition too much to heart. Applied to the over-liberal, the proverb may be, and doubtless often is, a corrective. The mischief is that they who need its restraining influence seldom use or heed it. In the main, it is the oral property of the morbid and the covetous, and, to strengthen themselves in their sordidness, they employ the phrase to the detriment of others whose character is yet unformed, but whose tendency is in the wrong direction.

The charity that begins at home is prone to stay and end there. And he who preaches the doctrine is in constant danger of carrying its practice to a point of positive nigardliness.

Of a kindred kind is "Self-preservation is the first law of Nature." As everybody knows, or ought to know, the meaning of the axiom is literal and absolute. As such it cannot be gainsaid. But it should be, when it is put forward as a warning against benevolence, as a curb to any disposition to help the needy. Self-preservation, being an instinct, needs no enforcement from proverbial popularity. They that are perpetually telling us that it is the first law are usually the very persons who might make us wish it were the last law; for then they might so forget themselves for a moment as to drop out of the world to which they add nothing but a bad example.

"What is the good of having friends unless you use them?" is often jocosely asked; but the friends are oftener obliged to answer seriously. The proverb is in bad taste, to say the least, and its repetition evinces a grievous want of sensibility, if nothing worse. Friendship springs from sympathy, from spiritual affinity, from mutual understanding and appreciation, and ought to be a recipi-

cal incentive to advancement, improvement, to a larger and better life. To put it primarily to material use is to degrade and profane it. The nature capable of understanding or feeling friendship will be slow to ask the rhetorical question unless playfully or satirically. And such a nature never will and never can act upon it.

There is quite enough in this bustling, necessarily prosaic world to dwarf and destroy our ideals, without our volunteering any cynical and superfluous aid thereto. A true friend is so willing and anxious to assist us in every honorable way possible, that we should be careful not to give him excess of opportunity. Besides, to use a friend, in the general sense of the verb, is ignoble, and must soon result in the fracture of friendship; for no friend can long consent to be used without a certain loss of self-respect, without which friendship is impracticable.

No doubt there is a constant temptation with many persons to employ their friends to their own advantage, without thought of reciprocity; and quoting the proverb strengthens the temptation and justifies the habit. Never let the aphorism pass your lips, however jocularly, lest you be suspected, in the first place, of meaning it, and, secondly, lest you prompt others to do what they shall eventually regret.

"What was once a vice is now a custom," though it may be true enough, has done a deal of harm by making unthinking folk believe that some unalloyed vice they are inclined to is destined to become a custom, and be relieved, therefore, of all its evil. They undertake to substitute the present for the past, and to forecast the future—never a safe experiment in any hands but those of a master. Because a thing is a custom, it is not the less, but more, a vice. Repeaters of the apothegm usually seek thereby to mitigate or atone for a favorite fault of their own. They are in no wise successful except in calling attention to their proper short-comings, and emphasizing their egotism. They who have a vice, and are conscious of it, would better try to get rid of it than to excuse it by the expression of any sophistry or catch-phrase of an apologizing character.

"One may as well have the game as the name" is a most mischievous saw, and is constantly heard from men who are looking for excuses for misbehavior. Such men not infrequently invent their own detractions in order, as they say, not to be any better than their reputation. To them the vulgar proverb does small harm, except in so far as it facilitates them in moral decline. But to persons of another and higher kind, whose instincts are good, and whose characters are weak, it is exceedingly pernicious.

Slander is always bitter, and is likely to arouse a revengeful feeling that may expend itself in practical misanthropy or general wrong-doing through a mistaken notion of self-justice. The wisest, the only true way to deal with slander is, of course, to live it down. Still, this is doubly hard when some one at your elbow is steadily whispering, "As well have the game as the name;" for there is a certain sort of savage consolation to most of us in the secret thought that we are quite

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as black as we have been painted. The iteration of the proverb saps our resolution—emasculates our will. It makes us believe that any and every effort to struggle against misrepresentation is vain—is wasted exertion. We grow morose and cynical. We are disgusted with ourselves, and feel malevolent toward the world—for at that particular time we remember only the fools and scoundrels in it—and in such mood the tempter, in the shape of the proverb, finds us, and fits us to his purpose.

He who seriously quotes the maxim is dishonest at heart, feeble in principle, cowardly of nature. He may not have stained himself as yet; but you may be sure he is biding his occasion. And, when that comes, he will plunge his arms elbow-deep into the immoral dye, to be certain that ill-fame shall not color him below his desert.

"Beware of the surprises of the heart"—a sentimental caution which originated, perhaps, with Lamartine—has been made to discharge duty it was never intended for. It is employed now to suppress all generous impulses, all emotional affection, all spontaneity of action. In this age and country, the heart is too much inclined to wait upon the dictates of the mind. The intense matter-of-fact latter half of the nineteenth century has so cramped and choked sensibility that its emanations are satirically labeled "Gush," and uniformly ridiculed. We need rather to try to evoke surprises of the heart, in this period of premeditation and calculation; to cultivate in that greatly-neglected organ the capacity to be amazed.

Warmth and outgo of the heart are ever beneficial while they rest under the cool shadow of the judgment. Affection never hurts reason half so much as reason hurts affection; and admonitions to hold the feelings in abeyance are unnecessary, while the feelings tend to stagnation from misuse. It is the cold and over-cautious people who tell us to guard against our hearts, with vague intimations that they have suffered from the absence of sentimental vigilance. Their faces and antecedents contradict their hints, and should incline us to do the very thing they proscriber. Persons persistently complaining that their hearts get the better of them almost invariably get and keep the better of their hearts, and have withal a marvelously easy conquest.

"Guilt is always timid" is one of the phrases that must have been coined in the mint of ignorance. The student of human nature knows that guilt, and that of the deepest order, is very often so superlatively audacious that it cannot be frightened or abashed.

What is termed wickedness is very different actually from the thing it is theoretically. It is sincerely conscious of itself (the popular notion is that it is ever appalled by its own image), and when it is conscious it sees itself at a remarkably propitious angle. Vice is its own vindicator through the very perversity of judgment that allows it to exist. Its continuance lends it a hardness and firmness which neither disapproval nor denunciation can soften or shake. Guilt can and will look rebuking innocence steadily in the face,

while sensitive and suspected virtue shall be overwhelmed with confusion and mortification.

Belief in the proverb wrongs innocence incalculably by causing it to be mistaken for guilt, and at the same time acquits this of its offense. If we wish to detect guilt, we must discard the maxim, or interpret it by contrariety; for, wherever we confront indubitable, clearly-established guilt, we shall be likely to find it gazing as calmly and defiantly at us as does the Sphinx at the sands of the surrounding desert.

"People like to be deceived." How often we hear this! Perhaps they do; but what kind of people are they? They must be peculiar, since they are never the people we meet. Everybody will bear witness that his or her acquaintances hate to be, and are angry at being, deceived. They that are fond of deception are plainly those unknown, abstract folk, who are sure to be punished for the sins we commit, and whom we love to regard metaphysically as the victims of vaguely-violated justice.

The trite aphorism in its truth or falsehood is of small consequence. Its mischief is in its instigation to deceive. Most of us have sufficient tendency in that direction without any verbal stimulant or honeyed sophistry. The phrase is a trick put upon us wherewith to trick our fellows. It is a cunning device to mollify our consciousness of doing wrong. Not merely this, it proclaims as a benevolence what is manifestly a meanness on our part; and we are so willing to appear duped when we are not—our faults being in question—that we appeal to maxims to prove the unprovable. If the conscience smart, a timely proverb is hunted up to draw out the sting. The sting may stick; but the prescription is paraded, and the cure is inferred.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing." Thousands echo this without remembering or knowing that it is a line of Pope, probably made with no higher intent than to fit the corresponding rhyme of the couplet. It has become an aphorism, a proverb, because it has a taking air and sounds well—reason enough for the currency of half our popular sayings. A little learning may be dangerous, but it is far better than no learning, which is danger itself. The corollary is, that ignorance is comparatively free from peril, which is ten times as false as the original proposition.

The greatest fallacy of this and many maxims is in the necessary inference that is drawn. Their greatest mischief lies in their incompleteness, and in the fact that they are generally accepted as complete. Any half truth, or partial falsehood, if felicitously expressed and aptly repeated, has fivefold the weight in controversy or conversation that a whole truth awkwardly worded has. He who could make the proverbs of a nation would possess more influence than he who should write its history or frame its laws. They have been defined the wit of one and the wisdom of many. They are oftener the fallacy of one and the inability to detect it of the multitude.

Proverbs depend not for popularity upon

wisdom, but upon the art of putting them. The farther they are removed from obvious truth, if they be adroitly couched, the more likely they are to be accepted. A spice of ill-nature is prone to preserve them, and render them appetizing to the public palate. We like to repeat what we know is false when the falsehood is glossed by the embalming epigram, the consciousness that the thing has been said before freeing us from accountability for its promulgation.

Hardly a maxim or proverb exists in our own or any other language that may not be taken to pieces before its atom of truth, if any, can be found. The proverbs of the French and Spanish are the wittiest and the falsest; those of the Germans and Scandinavians the dullest and the truest. No current saying but is contradicted by another—as, "Two of a trade never agree;" "Birds of a feather flock together;" "In a multitude of counselors there is safety;" "Too many cooks spoil the broth;" and so on through every variety of affirmation and denial, of inconsistency and contrariety.

All sorts of sustenance for all sorts of conduct, every kind of encouragement for every virtue and every vice, may be gathered from proverbs. Entirely devoid of argument, they are regarded and quoted as arguments; defiant of logic, they accomplish what logic cannot. Properly considered, they are helps to language, ornaments to conversation, delicate punctures for pretense, of inestimable value to society. But considered, as they usually are, as strengtheners of position, excusers of conduct, palliatives of offense, they are inestimably pernicious. They teach the same lesson and the same truth which the declaration does—that a stoutly-maintained lie is infinitely better than a poorly-defended truth.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

## TO-DAY.

ONLY from day to day,  
The life of a wise man runs.  
What matter if seasons far away  
Have gloom or have double suns?

We climb the unreal path,  
And stray from the roadway here;  
We swim the rivers of wrath,  
And tunnel the hills of fear.

Our feet on the torrent's brink,  
Our eyes on the clouds afar:  
We fear the things we think,  
Instead of the things that are.

Like a tide our work should rise,  
Each later wave the best.  
"To-day is a king in disguise,"  
To-day is the special test.

Like a sawyer's work is life:  
The present makes the flaw;  
And the only field for strife  
Is the inch before the saw.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

PROPERTY sometimes accumulates by the strenuous exertions of the owner, and sometimes as the result of means which the owner had little share in producing. The man who opens railroads, builds steamships, establishes ferries, supplies the community with conveniences, promotes the general prosperity in promoting his own, is fairly entitled to all the rewards his sagacity and enterprise bring him. Even such a man, however, is under many obligations to the community, and should realize that his fortune has accumulated by the coöperation, consent, and support of the people. However sagaciously a man may direct the labors of others so as to secure their and his own best advantage, it is still true that his wealth is rendered possible solely by the energies he is permitted to control. No man can become rich save by the consent and as a result of the activities of the community. While it is therefore true that the most courageous leader owes a measure of indebtedness to the world about him, how large and signal is the debt from him who has looked passively on and grown rich simply by having his wealth thrust upon him!

The value of land depends wholly upon neighborhood. An area that would be worthless in the wilderness becomes priceless when towns grow up within and around it. A great real-estate owner, like the late Mr. Astor, becomes enormously rich solely by the fortuitous circumstances that surround him—by the energies, industries, enterprises, and achievements, of his neighbors. It is true that no man, even under these conditions, can accumulate wealth without prudence and sagacity. It is easy to be improvident and easy to make mistakes. But where forethought and self-denial deserve their rewards, it still remains true that a man who has absorbed into himself an enormous wealth, almost wholly because of the great activities of the people about him, holds his wealth under obligations that he has no moral right to ignore. The wealth of the late Mr. Astor was not won by him; it was conferred upon him. No agrarian or communistic principles must abridge rights of possession; the safety of the community as a whole depends upon the maintenance of the sacredness of property; but we may be sure that if men of property are determined to deny public claims upon them, then the agrarian and communistic spirit will be sure to grow into formidable proportions.

The people of New York had a right to expect that one who, like the late Mr. Astor, had become enormously rich under the circumstances we have described, would leave

a noble and handsome bequest to that city whose remarkable growth had been the real force that produced his wealth. There is a library of considerable pretension founded by the Astors, but the spirit that endowed the institution stopped half-way, and has permitted it to drag on in a half-starved condition. Its funds have been so insufficient for the purchase of new books, that an American student would find a larger collection of the books of his own country in the British Museum than in the leading library of New York! The endowment by Mr. Astor's will of two hundred thousand dollars will put it in a little better condition; but the people had a right to expect that a liberal portion of the wealth, held by Mr. Astor as a little more than a custodian, would be appropriated to place the Astor Library in a foremost place among the great libraries of the world.

The people of New York have long hoped their millionaires would establish an art-gallery worthy of the city. We do not hesitate to say that it was distinctly Mr. Astor's duty to have contributed liberally toward this end. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is a worthy project. A few zealous gentlemen have given largely and labored strenuously to establish this useful institution, but it is still greatly in want of funds. It would have been a graceful and easy thing for Mr. Astor to have placed it on a footing of permanent prosperity.

Mr. Astor, it is said, counted his buildings by the thousand. The stranger wandering through the city, would naturally expect to find at least a few architectural piles erected by the taste and munificence of the wealthiest man in the country. With the exception of the Astor Library, there are none. No schools, no academies, no churches, no public pleasure-grounds, bear his name. The wealth of this great millionaire is not even evidenced in useful or economic things. The best form of house for the laboring-man is one of the problems of the day. Mr. Astor, with all his great resources, made no effort to solve it. No model tenements went up under his inspiration; no pretty and tasteful rows of cottages were devised by his hand; no contribution whatever toward the solution of questions in the economy of home ever came from him. He made no experiments, acquired no experience, contributed no results, set no needed example even in the domain of house-building, into which his accumulating wealth ever steadily went.

Some forty thousand dollars have been left to charitable institutions. We are of those who question the permanent good of almsgiving, and hence have no great regret that Mr. Astor did not distribute a portion of his wealth in this way. But there are institutions which are charitable not by what they

bestow, but by the suitable advice they give and the opportunities they afford; and these all had just claims upon the millionaire's bounty. Had Mr. Astor, however, withheld every form of charity during his life and in his will, yet used his wealth with something of an eye to the public good and with public spirit; had he sometimes risked an investment that if successful would have redounded to the city's good; had he even indirectly promoted the welfare, comfort, or æsthetic pleasures of the people—we should now utter no word of complaint.

LAST week we suggested that Oxford and Cambridge should unite with Harvard and Yale in composing a dictionary which should be accepted as final and authoritative by the people of both countries. We have since discovered that we therein committed plagiarism upon ourselves, having once before made the same suggestion, a circumstance we had entirely forgotten. We don't know that any good or evil is likely to arise from this self-repetition, for it is tolerably certain that it is hopeless to look for the combination we have indicated, much as it may be desired. Ancient Oxford and Cambridge are not fond of us enough to meet us on terms of equality. To the haughty exclusiveness of England's aristocratic seats of learning, our oldest and best colleges seem new and upstart. But if the wise heads of the Isis and the Cam could not be induced to unite in fellowship with those of the Charles and the City of Elms, at least a union of American colleges for the purpose mentioned could be formed. Harvard, Yale, Cornell, the University of Virginia, and the University of Michigan, with such other colleges as may seem desirable, might unite for the purpose of forming for the American people a system of orthography and orthoepy that would be acceptable to and binding upon all sections of the country.

If it ever chance that a dictionary is put forth under auspices such as we have indicated, we hope the learned convention will boldly grapple with the corruptions in pronunciation sanctioned by the existing dictionaries. It is singular that the orthoepy of certain words is permitted by authority to retain a vulgarity and slovenliness which the dictionaries and the masters so resolutely contend against when exhibited in other cases. It is asserted that the main difference between cultured and uncultured persons in the utterance of words is, that the former open their mouths and articulate distinctly, neither clipping their words nor smothering the sounds, while the uncultured fail to make nice distinctions, slovenly bury one sound in another, and often fail to articulate final letters altogether. But while educated per-

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ple are careful not to clip final consonants such as uttering *singing* as *singin'*, or *and* as *an'*, and not to confuse unaccented vowel-sounds, such as pronouncing *innocent*, *innocint*, they are not permitted only, but required, to obscure and corrupt the sounds of both vowels and consonants, in other words, being distinctly instructed to say *agen* for *again*, *agenst* for *against*, *enny* for *any*, *wimen* for *women*, *gallus* for *gallows*, *bellus* for *bellows*, *extr'ordinary* for *extraordinary*, *off'n* for *often*, *cas'l* for *castle*, *Wooster* for *Worcester*, and so on. We make no pretensions to philological learning, but we believe we may venture to say that the accepted pronunciation of the words we have enumerated has no support but that of custom, and if we are right in this we should be glad to know why custom is sanctioned in slovenly looseness in one set of words and condemned for it in others! As the matter now stands, the man who carelessly talks about an "innocent person" is sneered at as being vulgarly careless, and if he should endeavor to be exact in the next word he uses, and utter *often* as it is spelled, he would once more encounter the sneers of the critic as being inelegantly precise. We hope our hypothetical convention will condemn all these sanctioned corruptions of the dictionaries, and establish the broad principle that culture and good taste exact distinct articulation in all cases, no words being entitled to privileges that all do not enjoy.

THE selections that we gave last week from a somewhat fantastic article in *Blackwood* on "Weather" showed that the writer possesses not a little poetic sympathy with some of the aspects of the sky and the atmosphere. But he does great injustice to fog, which he calls the second-born child of the clouds. Rain has charming and snow superb qualities, but fog has nothing to redeem it, according to this writer: "It is stagnant, sulky, and silent;" it is "hopelessly objectionable, ugly, useless, stupid, and dirty." It is amazing how a writer who fairly delights "in richly-endowed but widely wayward Nature" should utter this wholly wrongful judgment upon one of "the family of weather" that to the observant eye has, not less than its kindred, its strange surprises, its picturesque aspects, its manifold beauties. Fog may be dirty in the cities when mixed with and stained by smoke, and at times it is undoubtedly stagnant, if not stupid; but no one who has watched the movements of fog, who has seen the endless number of dissolving views it forms, who has noted the striking and picturesque ways in which the artists use it, but must resent the unhandsome epithets the *Blackwood* writer bestows upon it. Who that has passed a summer vacation on the sea-shore has not at times stretched himself

upon a headland of the shore, and watched the vagaries and fantastic sports of the soft, subtle, and undulating fog; has not seen it now come rolling in from the sea with swift and steady course, first obscuring the horizon, then swallowing up sail after sail that dot the watery expanse; next seizing upon jutting points of land, sweeping along the sides of the cliffs, until suddenly it takes possession of and blots out the whole surface of sea and land? But presently a blue space breaks overhead; all at once a shadowy sail looms through the mist; the fog lifts and shows a stretch of calm sea; then as suddenly again, as if some prompter regulated the rise and fall of this strange curtain, down falls the drapery of mist, and every thing is hidden! These shiftings and changes make some striking pictures. At one moment the watchful student of the spectacle sees a sail without a hull, dark, shadowy, and mystic in its body, but with its upper line catching the sunlight and glittering white like the wing of some huge bird of the sea; in an instant more the fog has seized upon the sail, and enveloped it wholly, but the mantle is lifted beneath so as to reveal the dark form of the hull. If there are points of wooded headland jutting into the sea, one looks and sees them wholly obscured, but even while he looks a long line of trees appears above a mass of drifting mist, looking like forests hung in the heavens. Pictures like these, forming and dissolving continually before our gaze, we have often watched from our shores; and hence we are forced to say that he must be strangely ignorant of the mystic sprite called Fog who heaps upon it such epithets as those we have quoted. There is no better scenic artist on sea or land than the fog on a summer day when the winds unsteadily come and go.

EVERY American should be gratified at the honor paid to Edouard Laboulaye in his election as a life-member of the newly-created French Senate. As long as he lives, we shall have a friend always ready to defend and praise us in that to-be august body. If there is a sufficient leaven of such men in it, the Senate will be a very different assembly from that of the Empire, for it will be the arena of independent and scholarly thought and enlightened statesmanship, instead of a mere military and sacerdotal echo of an imperial will. It is well that we should not forget or lose sight of those earnest and courageous men who, whether in France or England, were our stout champions in days when the weight of authority as well as of numbers in those countries was distinctly against us. There were many, even among the French republicans, who sympathized with the purpose to break up the Union. The au-

thor of "Paris en Amérique" and "Prince Caniche" was not one of them. In the lecture-room and in society he ceaselessly pleaded the cause of our republic. He has always been foremost in any opportunity that has arisen to testify his friendship. He is one of the most enthusiastic of those who desire to honor the old friendship between France and America by erecting the colossal statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. In a private letter to an American he once wrote: "It is no great merit of mine to have defended the cause of the Union during the civil war. I have followed the French tradition, and I remember having, in my youth, heard General Lafayette talk of Washington and of the brave insurgents who have left heirs worthy of them. If there are people in France who have forgotten those noble memories, they are to be pitied; for it is the finest page in our history." M. Laboulaye is one of those moderate republicans who constitute the soundest and best type of contemporary French statesmanship. He is no more visionary than to desire to see his country learn the political lessons derived from our example; and in Europe there is no more intelligent and appreciative student of our Constitution and history. If republicanism in France at last endures, it will be in no small degree owing to the purity and wisdom of such men as Laboulaye.

WE are glad to see that a movement is on foot, organized by a number of ladies, designed to ameliorate the condition of shop-girls and sales-women, who are commonly required to remain standing during the long ten or twelve hours of their daily service. We have more than once pointed out the cruelty of this requirement, and have insisted that, if the health of these young women is to be maintained, a change in the policy of their employers is indispensable. It is strange that so obvious and necessary a thing has to be enforced by organization, and that shop-owners can be brought to a just and considerate conduct in this matter by the means only of formulated public opinion. It would have been better, perhaps, had the movement originated among the sales-women themselves; but, as this was not done, it is gratifying to know that some of our ladies have discovered the evil and are endeavoring to remedy it.

A similar movement has been organized in England, where, according to the London journals, sales-women are subjected to a cruel thoughtlessness and exposed to a danger that we believe to be unknown here. "It is really painful," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "to witness the thoughtlessness of some ladies who, in inclement weather, being themselves well wrapped up, summon to the doors of

their carriages young women from the shops they honor with their patronage, and keep them standing in the cold, regardless of the consequences. The seeds of consumption and other fatal illnesses are probably often sown in this manner, and much misery might be averted by the exercise of a very little consideration and common-sense." If American ladies are accustomed to summon saleswomen to their carriage-doors, regardless of the inclemency of the weather, the fact has not fallen under our observation.

## Literary.

PROFESSOR BONAMY PRICE'S "Currency and Banking" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) forms an admirable complement to Professor Jevons's "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange," reviewed in the JOURNAL a few weeks back. Taking up the subject where Professor Jevons leaves off, Professor Price gives an admirably clear explanation of the theory or philosophy of currency, the nature and function of money, the conditions with which it must comply in order to constitute good currency, the relative advantages and disadvantages of coin and paper currency, and the difference between convertible and inconvertible paper. Though the questions discussed are necessarily abstruse and complicated, the aim has been to reduce them to their simple elementary principles, and by his mere statement of these the author brushes aside most of the difficulties and incongruities which confuse the subject in the popular mind. His definition of money, for example, once thoroughly grasped, will clear the mind at once of nearly all those delusions which have wrought so much mischief in the world:

"Coin, metallic coin, alone is true money, and nothing else is, unless it be a commodity, as an ox, or a cow, or a piece of salt. There is a very decisive reason for this assertion. Every kind of paper styled money carries on its face an order or promise to pay money; and without that order or promise it would be a worthless piece of paper, and nothing more. An order or promise to give a thing is not the thing itself; the thing is absent. This settles the matter absolutely: paper is not money. It is idle to reply that the distinction is unimportant—that the bank-note does the same work as money, and that practically there is no harm in calling it money. I answer that the harm is immense for the understanding of currency. The vital fact is obscured that the man who takes a gold-coin for his goods receives an actual piece of property, a metal as valuable as the thing he sells. He acquires not a particle of substance with a check or a bank-note. If the check is dishonored or the bank breaks, he finds nothing in his hand against the wealth that he gave away. If checks and bank-notes are true money, then so are spoken words, for they can purchase property, and bind the buyer at law just as strongly as a check. To tell a bookseller to put five pounds' worth of books to his account commits the buyer to payment as completely as a check. Coin is the substance, the reality covenanted to be given for goods bought; consequently coin alone is payment. The coin

at last may never be touched, because it may be put down in an account against which set-offs appear on the debtor and creditor sides; coin then is not asked for, because its equivalent in property has been received. Every thing else—spoken words, shop-accounts, bank-notes, checks, warrants—are nothing but title-deeds, evidences good at law to compel the stipulated payments in coin, if not voluntarily given. Without a court of law in the background, they are only acknowledgments resting on honor, and may at any moment prove to be empty writing. Coin pays, no form of paper does till what is written upon it is fulfilled."

The practical evils of an inconvertible paper currency are pointed out with great force and clearness; and we have never seen so satisfactory an analysis of the famous Bank Charter Act of 1844, which created the modern Bank of England, as that contained in Professor Price's second chapter. Nearly half the volume is devoted to a consideration of the question, "What is a Bank?" and, though many of the propositions of the author on this subject differ widely from those commonly current, he seems to us to make them good. His position is that a banker deals not in money but in debts; that his function is that of "a broker between two principals." A farmer, for instance, sells his corn, and deposits the proceeds, in the shape of checks and other acknowledgments of debt, with his banker. He draws against this deposit for his current payments, but a considerable time elapses before he draws it all out, and in the mean time the banker lends the balance to a tea-merchant who wants to buy teas, and gives deferred bills to the banker at a discount for the right to draw currency at once. In this transaction it is plain that the corn was simply exchanged for the tea; what the banker did was to furnish the conditions or medium through which the exchange could be effected: "Thus the cardinal and final truth comes out, that one set of goods has been exchanged for another—that goods have bought goods—that the banker has acted precisely like a sovereign [or dollar], has been a tool, an instrument of exchange. He transfers purchasing power, which he received in the form of a debt to collect, and passes it on in the form of a debt he creates. That purchasing power resides in the goods sold, directly or indirectly, by the banker's depositor. It is because the depositor has sold corn that the banker is enabled to authorize the merchant to buy teas."

One feature of the book which renders it especially valuable to American readers is that the various questions are discussed with particular reference to the present monetary condition of the United States. Professor Price thinks that every consideration of honor and expediency requires that specie payments shall be resumed at the earliest possible moment, and that resumption necessarily involves some form of contraction, as the currency of the country to-day is plainly greater than its requirements. He is not insensible to the difficulties of the situation, though he thinks the inconvenience would come, not from a deficiency of currency, but from the fact that contraction would bear hard upon debtors. This inconvenience,

however, would be comparatively slight if contraction were gradual; and in any case the hardship could scarcely be greater than that which inflation inflicted upon creditors. Moreover, men, whether collected in nations or as individuals, cannot do wrong without suffering, and that suffering must be endured if the wrong is to be made to cease.

It would be difficult to find an exact literary prototype for Mr. Stuart-Glennie's "Pilgrim Memories." \* It makes a threefold claim upon the reader's attention—as a record of travel, a summary of discussion with the late Henry Thomas Buckle, and a philosophical disquisition; and, through a single chapter, perhaps, one is in some doubt whether the author is going to turn out a tourist, a biographer, or a metaphysician. It does not take long to discover, however, that Mr. Stuart-Glennie cares little for the travel-element in his book. He is but slightly interested in sight-seeing, his faculty of observation and powers of description are small, and he is interested in places and events only in so far as they supply food for his subjective mental processes. Just as many persons go to the Holy Land to refresh their faith and stimulate religious feeling, so he went there to fortify his skepticism by seeing for himself that in the very birthplace of three great religions Nature looks with her usual calm indifference upon the faiths, illusions, and delusions of mankind. His travels are truly described as a pilgrimage; but the pilgrim is in search, not of the shrine and footsteps of the Master, but of the great landmarks in the history of what he considers delusions.

The biographical element of the book is similarly slighted. One naturally expects that a friend of Mr. Buckle's, who shared his travels during several months of that last fatal journey in the East, would add something to our singularly meagre knowledge of the author of "The History of Civilization;" but a newspaper obituary of average length would contain every thing in the book relating to Mr. Buckle personally, and even this contributes scarcely anything to what was already known. Indeed, the author carefully guards himself against revealing any thing new. Whatever he learned of the life, character, and opinions, of Mr. Buckle during those months of intimate association, he regards as acquired in the confidence of friendship, and he thinks it would be a betrayal of that confidence "to report any opinion whatever not found in published writings, or not of such a nature as to have been expressed freely, and without reserve, to others." Even the lengthy discussions, in which Mr. Buckle figures as interlocutor to the author, shed no light, for the part he plays is quite obviously that usually assigned to the other person of a dialogue in which the author conducts the argument on both sides. The few pages of reminiscences in the appendix, reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly*, are of more real biographical value than all the rest of the book.

\* *Pilgrim Memories; or, Travel and Discussion in the Birth-Countries of Christianity with the Late Henry Thomas Buckle.* By J. S. Stuart-Glennie. M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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The explanation of all this is that "Pilgrim Memories" is not really either a record of travel or a biography of Buckle, but a philosophical treatise in disguise. Mr. Stuart-Glennie has conceived a new system of philosophy, the central point of which is a discovery he believes himself to have made of the "Ultimate Law of History," which, by explaining Nature and history and furnishing a New Ideal, shall supersede Christianity, and bring the period of transition, which began with the Reformation, to a close. For the exposition and verification of this law he has planned a series of works, of which "Pilgrim Memories" constitutes the *proemium* or preface—being designed to show the line of thought and discussion which led up to the discovery of the law. The book, therefore, is to be regarded as a contribution to metaphysics (or science, as the author would claim); and, as it would be manifestly unfair to base criticism upon a preface, we will simply say that, while Mr. Stuart-Glennie proves himself an ingenious thinker who has grasped one or two salient ideas with great clearness, he does not succeed in the present work in arousing much enthusiasm for, or confidence in, his new philosophy. In fact, the raw material and preliminary processes of thought can have but slight interest save for the thinker himself, and we find that the leading impression which "Pilgrim Memories" leaves on our mind is that the author manifests a rather unphilosophical and not clearly accounted-for spirit of aggression toward what he calls "Christianism."

In "The Children's Treasury of English Song" (New York: Macmillan & Co.), Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave has made a collection of poetry for the young as much superior to any previous collection as his "Golden Treasury" is superior to the ordinary English anthologies. The selection is planned for children between nine or ten and fifteen or sixteen years of age, and, by thus excluding from the constituency aimed at, infancy on the one hand and nearly-grown readers on the other, Mr. Palgrave has avoided the incongruous mingling of nursery rhymes and passionate or reflective poetry, and rendered it possible to apply a consistent standard of choice. Of the standard here applied suitability to childhood is, of course, the principal feature, but, this quality secured, nothing has been admitted which, in the editor's opinion, does not reach a high rank of poetical merit. "The standard of 'merit as poetry,'" as Mr. Palgrave observes in his preface, "has excluded a certain number of popular favorites. But the standard of 'suitability to childhood,' as here understood, has excluded many more pieces: pictures of life as it seems to middle age—poems colored by sentimentalism or morbid melancholy, however attractive to readers no longer children—love as personal passion or regret (not love as the groundwork of action)—artificial or highly-allusive language—have, as a rule, been held unfit. The aim has been to shun scenes and sentiments alien to the temper of average healthy childhood, and hence of greater intrinsic difficulty than poems containing unusual words." The somewhat rigid applica-

tion of rules of choice gives the collection a rather unfamiliar air as compared with most of its predecessors. At least half the poems which have been included, as a matter of course, in all such collections are omitted; and many new ones are introduced which have never before been regarded as especially adapted to children. The name of William Blake, for example, has probably never found its way into any previous collection of children's poetry, whereas Mr. Palgrave draws upon him more frequently than upon any other single writer. It cannot be doubted that most children under fifteen will find study requisite to the understanding of many of the pieces included in the "Treasury;" but then this is true of all similar collections, and those who trust themselves to Mr. Palgrave's guidance will have the satisfaction of knowing that they will be introduced only to poetry of real merit and permanent value.

In order to smooth the way of the child-reader as much as possible, Mr. Palgrave has provided copious foot-notes, explaining every unusual word, and all involved or obscure phrases and allusions. Critical and historical notes at the end furnish all the additional information and guidance needed; and an index of writers, with one of first lines, renders the book easy to consult. As to the arrangement of the pieces, no regular plan seems to have been followed, but different pieces are grouped together in such a way that by their mere juxtaposition they serve to explain each other, and to set off the special merits of each. Finally, the collection is not so large but that an intimate companionship can be established between the young reader and all its contents.

THE title is the prettiest thing about Theo. Gift's "Pretty Miss Bellew" (Holt's "Leisure Hour Series"). It is not without cleverness of a certain kind, and is free from the most glaring faults of current fiction; but, for a story which is not dull, or vulgar, or commonplace, it comes nearer being tedious than any we have recently encountered. For one thing, the author, who is the most conspicuous personage in the book, does not win our allegiance. We take Mr. Gift to be a man (or is it a woman?) who prides himself upon seeing further into a millstone than most people; on detecting pride where humility was supposed to grovel, affection in the very midst of frankness and unconventionality, and sham in the very detestation of sham. He is perpetually discovering some hitherto hidden phenomenon in an ordinary character or situation; and on such occasions button-holes the reader confidentially, talks to him in the first person, and generally in parenthesis, and condescendingly helps forward his lagging perceptions. Following his cue, the reader feels continually as if he were on the verge of some new revelation in human nature; and yet, after all, Mr. Gift's "characters" are but the ordinary people of fiction, and his book an ordinary story about them. Lady Margaret, the weak, self-sacrificing mother, is a familiar acquaintance; Dick is a type of scapegrace far better drawn in Trollope's "Way of the

World;" Clive is the conventional version of Rochester, whose stern exterior and boorish manners cover a warm heart and the most chivalrous instincts; and even pretty Miss Bellew is the familiar *ingenue* whose imperfections are more charming than other women's perfections. As to the plot, he must be but a novice in novel-reading who, when he reads in the first chapter that Clive sneers at Miss Bellew's "gushing ways," and that she thinks him a "stuck-up pig," does not hear the predestinate wedding-bells.

It would probably surprise the author if it were told him, but the children are the most successful people in his book. These are really natural and pleasing, and are so simply because he has not conceived it necessary to apply to them his over-elaborate method. They brighten the story whenever they enter it, and, if the other characters were drawn as simply and unaffectedly, "Pretty Miss Bellew" would be a book as satisfactory as it is clever. We say little about the plot and other features of the story, though Mr. Gift might well be praised for his skill in a sort of cumulative pre-Raphaelite word-painting. "Pretty Miss Bellew" is essentially a novel of character, and will accept judgment on no other or subordinate grounds.

THE tenth volume of the "Bric-à-Brac Series" (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) contains "Personal Reminiscences by Constable and Gillies," being extracts from the recently-published "Life and Literary Correspondence of Archibald Constable," and from the "Memoirs of a Literary Veteran," published in 1851. Constable was a great publisher in the early years of the century, and has become more widely known than most publishers of his time by reason of his intimate connection with Sir Walter Scott. Gillies was an obscure author, long since forgotten, who wrote some verse and did a good deal of miscellaneous literary work, attaining a kind of reputation by means of some translations from the German and Danish, whose literary treasures he was one of the first to discover. Both of them were Scotchmen, they lived about the same time, and each had a rather extensive acquaintance among contemporary men of letters. Such of their reminiscences as Mr. Stoddard has brought together deal almost exclusively with authors, and the present volume, consequently, has a more distinctly literary flavor than any other in the series.

We cannot say, however, that we have been either amused or edified by it in any considerable degree. Constable's reminiscences, naturally enough, refer almost exclusively to his business dealings with authors, and the commercial aspect of authorship has never been a fascinating or agreeable one. The correspondence with William Godwin, and a letter or two of Jeffrey's, are the only portions of Constable's contributions that are either fresh or suggestive. Gillies's reminiscences are better; but, even here, the selection resembles most other collections of *bric-à-brac*, in consisting of a few really choice bits mingled with a good deal of what plain-spoken people would call trash.



The volume contains portraits of Constantine, William Godwin, Miss Seward, and Goethe—those of Godwin and Goethe being reproduced from the Maclise Gallery.

THE latest development of the "Little Classic" idea is the little "Vest-Pocket Series" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.). The object of this series is to present the briefer prose and poetic masterpieces of standard and popular authors in volumes "so small that they can be carried in a vest-pocket of proper dimensions;" and, as a specimen of their proposed contents, the publishers have issued four volumes, containing Longfellow's "Evangeline" (illustrated), Whittier's "Snow-bound" (illustrated), and six of Emerson's essays, "Power," "Wealth," "Illusions," "Culture," "Behavior," and "Beauty," in two volumes. Other authors whose works will be drawn upon are Tennyson, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, Howells, and Bret Harte. The volumes are not really small enough to put into a vest-pocket of ordinary size, but they are sufficiently diminutive to be easily stowed away, they are well printed and very prettily bound, and they are abundantly readable. With one or two of them hid away about his person, one can bid defiance to a railway journey or, what is worse, a long horse-car ride.

"REMINISCENCES of Saratoga and Ballston," by William L. Stone (New York: Virtue & Yorston), is a somewhat scrappy and newspaperish collection of anecdotes, traditions, and historical incidents relating to Saratoga and its vicinity. Mr. Stone can remember a time when Saratoga was still almost a wilderness, and he heard in his childhood stories from others of the days when it was the scene of fierce Indian fights and of General Gates's great victory over Burgoyne. These stories and reminiscences he narrates in lively style, and the book has a certain value as illustrative of the narrow interval in point of time which, in America, separates savagery from civilization.

Mr. M. D. Conway, writing to the London *Academy* regarding a recent visit to Walt Whitman, says: "He is only in his fifty-seventh year, nor does his face present so many indications of age as I was prepared to see. He is about as handsome an old man as I have seen, his white locks parting over a serene and most noble forehead, the eyes clear and sweet, the features manly and refined, and the strength of the large head softened by an aspect at once pensive and simple. Time has not in any sense diminished his sanguine democratic hopes and his enthusiasm for America. He spoke most sanely when saying that he could hardly hope to see those of his readers and critics in England from whom he has received so many expressions of esteem and affection, and he was never wearied in asking questions concerning those among them with whom I was acquainted. He evidently feels that his end cannot be very far, but he is perfectly calm in the prospect, which I hope may be brighter than he at present anticipates. I will only add that, even more than when I first saw him, I have felt that I was in the presence of a man cast in the large mould, both as to heart and brain, and in every sense (as Thoreau describes him) the greatest democrat that lives."

ARTHUR CLIVE, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, declares Walt Whitman to be "the noblest literary product of modern times," and asserts that "his influence is invigorating and refining beyond expression." We are told that no poet since Shakespeare has written with a vocabulary so fruitful; no word can be substituted for another; and "where he seems roughest, rudest, most prosaic, then often is his language most profoundly melodious." We learn that "under a mask of extravagance, of insane intensity, Whitman preserves a balance of mind and a sanity such as no poet since Shakespeare has evinced." If his sympathies were fewer he would go mad. Energy and passion so great, streaming through few and narrow channels, would burst all barriers. His universal sympathies have been his salvation, and have rendered his work in the highest degree sane and true. He is always emphatic, nay violent, but then he touches all things. Life is intense in him, and the fire of existence burns brighter and stronger than in other men. Thus he does his reader service; he seems out of the fullness of his veins to pour life into those who read him. He is electric and vitalizing. All Nature, books, men, countries, things, change in appearance as we read Whitman; they present themselves under new aspects, and with different faces."

BUT Peter Bayne, in the last *Fortnightly*, takes a very different view of the poet. "Whitman's writings abound with reproductions of the thoughts of other men spoiled by obtuseness or exaggeration. . . . Is there any thing in Whitman decidedly better than merely extravagant affectation? . . . Nature in America is different from nature in Europe, but we do not, in crossing the Atlantic, pass from cosmos into chaos, and Mr. Carlyle's expression, 'winnowings of chaos,' would be a candidly scientific description of Whitman's poetry if only it were possible to associate with it the idea of any winnowing process whatever. Street-sweepings of lumber-land—disjointed fragments of truth tossed in mad whirl with disjointed fragments of falsehood, gleams of beauty that have lost their way in a waste of ugliness—such are the contents of what he calls his poems."

JOAQUIN MILLER has confided to a correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* certain facts regarding his past life, from which it appears that he "came from a God-forsaken, impecunious, wandering race;" that, as near as he can tell, he was born in Cincinnati in 1841; that he ran away from his home in California, was captured by the Modocs, lived with them nearly five years, loved them, learned their language, fought with them, and escaped from them to San Francisco in 1859; that he then went to Oregon, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1860; that he shortly afterward became editor of a newspaper; that in 1866 he was elected District Judge of Oregon, in which position he served for four years; that he was married in 1863, and didn't know of one pleasant moment after that for years; that his very first poem was babbled at his mother's breast; and that he is now at work on a new poem called "Adrienne: A Dream of Italy."

THE *Manchester Guardian* speaks of a curious contribution as being just made to the literature of Lancashire, viz., a book published in Manchester bearing the title of "Angelic Revelations," which professes to give dissertations on the "origin, ultimatum, and destiny, of the human spirit, communicated by a feminine angel, Purity, who on earth was

known by the name of Teresa Jacoby." The frontispiece, it is stated, is designed by the spirit of Jan Steen, the Dutch painter.

THE condition of Turkey will remind the curious of the old rhymed prophecy which has dropped out of common recollection. It is said to have been made in 1458:

"In twice two hundred years the Bear  
The Crescent shall assail,  
But if the Cock and Bull unite,  
The Bear shall not prevail.

"But look! in twice ten years again,  
Let Islam know and fear,  
The Cross shall wax—the Crescent wane,  
Grow pale and disappear."

It will be "twice ten years" next spring from the conclusion of the Crimean War.

CARLYLE attained his eightieth birthday on the 3d instant, and the occasion was commemorated by presenting him with an address signed by eighty persons in England and Scotland, and accompanied by a gold medal, with Carlyle's head on the obverse and the date and a few appropriate words on the reverse. As no American participated, we may hope that the great Scotchman accepted the friendly testimonial with a good grace.

BARBARA TAYLOR is said to be making elaborate studies for a combined biography of Goethe and Schiller, which will occupy several volumes, and take several years to complete.

A GREEK translation of three of Shakespeare's tragedies will be published at Athens next year.

## The Arts.

MR. SNEDECOR, at his new picture-gallery in Fifth Avenue, has a noticeable collection of paintings. At most of the galleries of the city the public is accustomed to find works by foreign artists, many of whose names are well known, but there are very few paintings by Americans. In Mr. Snedecor's collection it is interesting and pleasant to be able to compare foreign and American scenes that hang side by side.

The larger portion of the exhibition consists of about a hundred of Mr. Colman's studies, made during his residence in Africa and Europe. These occupy one whole side and part of another in the large room. In a recent number of the *JOURNAL* we described the general character of these sketches, with their rich, deep skies, picturesque groupings of figures, and the charming architecture, quaint or ornate, of Brittany or Algeria. The blue Mediterranean, too, stretching away from the shores of Italy, and the rich tones of the barren hill-sides to be seen along the Corniche road, all appear soft in sunshine or gray at twilight in these varied pictures. But, besides the works of Mr. Colman, Snedecor has gathered from various sources a number of other important paintings. Some of our readers will remember a cheerful figure-painting by Mr. Eastman Johnson called "A Woodland Bath," which was exhibited at the Academy two or three years ago. The scene represents a woman dipping her infant into a pool of clear water, surrounded by bright maple-trees. The sister of the child is leaning

toward him on her hands and knees, cheering him up and diverting his fears of the cold pool. Near this picture is a cabinet painting by Mr. S. J. Guy, representing a little scene which the artist names "The Torn Trousers," and showing a frightened boy, seated on an old leather trunk, sewing up a rent he has made in his velvet breeches, while his mother, attracted by his unusual quietude, is watching the process of his sewing through the balustrade of the staircase. Many persons will recall a charming summer landscape of the Housatonic Valley, by Bristol, which was one of the first paintings sold from the walls of the Academy last year—white summer clouds, that lie in little groups, dappled with alternate light and shade; the far reaches of soft meadows dotted with trees, and varied by the windings of the gleaming river. On either side this valley is bounded by the low, blue hills of Berkshire, and the artist had combined all the forms and softened the colors, so that the picture was the favorite of everybody who saw it, and was conceded to be one of the best paintings in the exhibition.

Of the same class of rich Oriental color as Mr. Colman's pictures, Mr. Louis Tiffany has two or three fine architectural scenes from old towns in Brittany—street-scenes of strange, irregular towers and quaint spires, where overlapping stories and old arcades recall buildings of a somewhat similar character for quaint picturesqueness in the city of Chester, though in this latter place one feels the absence of color and of peasant-costume, which are the greatest element of charm in the old towns of France.

Side by side with these pictures the visitor has a chance to compare the modeling of a boy sitting on the side of his fishing-boat, by Mr. Winslow Homer, and see how good it is, even when the eye can travel immediately to a painting of an old prisoner in his cell, the work of the celebrated artist Knaus. The pale, worn features of the prisoner, with their gray and delicate shades, caught our eye the moment we entered the gallery, but it was not till we came close to it that we discovered the reason why the close drawing of the old man's features, the brown tones of his cell, or the straw pallet on which he was sitting, had impressed us as so good, and we saw the artist's name, which was a justification of the whole impression.

One of the largest works in the gallery, by Mr. F. H. De Haas, called "Heaving-to for a Pilot," is one of the best specimens of this artist's style. A fine sea, a fine sky, and a ship full of motion and breezy lightness, combine many of his strongest points.

Pictures that are all good do not suffer by direct comparison with others, and we think no opportunity is so valuable for the public or the artists themselves to see what they have really done as to allow such a picture as Knaus's, or two or three Viberts, to show at a glance whether Mr. Johnson's soft, sweet color is as harmonious as it appears when seen alone, and if the action of Mr. Guy's "Good Sister teaching her Little Brother the Alphabet," in a charming domestic "bit," is as excellent as we had supposed.

WHILE, unlike some of the other picture-dealers, Mr. Schaus seldom exhibits an entirely new collection of works of art, in his little gallery the visitor is constantly pleased and surprised by finding, from month to month, excellent additions of pictures or statues from different foreign artists, or from our own. At the present time, Mr. Schaus has some half-dozen new pictures, of cabinet size, which, from the names of the artists, at once attract attention. Two of these are "still-life" scenes, one by Desgoffe, and the other is a newly-painted fruit-piece by the Düsseldorf artist, Preyer. To say that a picture is by Desgoffe is to say that it is beautiful, for he is almost the only man living who knows how to add interest and poetical charm to groups of objects of *virtu*, which are always artistically composed in light, and shade, and color, to bring out the beauty of a pearly shell cup, or to reveal the delicacy of an enamel or the texture of a bit of lace. The little picture by Preyer is one of his usual subjects, fruit and leaves; and in this painting, as fully as in the first picture we saw from his easel, he has rendered with exquisite purity of color and of touch the bloom of a peach and the juicy flesh of a broken apricot. Grapes lie beside these as luscious as drops of gum, and pinks, purples, and their yellow transparency, are all depicted with the utmost purity. Beside these paintings is an excellent Verboeckhoven, rather small in size, but one of the pleasantest compositions we remember by this painter. A shepherd, whose head is turned partially aside to call to his sheep, in the field outside the door, is driving a small flock of lambs, goats, and two or three woolly veterans of the flock, through an open door into their sheepfold. Two or three bright-colored fowls within the barn catch a stray ray of sunshine on their red and green feathers, and outside appear a green pasture and blue distant hills. Looking at this little scene through a magnifying-glass, the locks of long wool on the backs of the sheep separate and stand apart in their thick, close wisps, while the minute delineation of the faces of the animals is seen in each nicely-finished feature. Verboeckhoven is now an old man, and he is one of the most laborious of artists. Six o'clock in the morning finds him at work in his studio, while other artists are still sleeping, and he seldom abandons his brush till eight or ten at night. His pictures in America are now quite numerous, but it is not many years that we can expect this excellent animal-painter to be able to produce works to which each year adds a better reputation.

Besides the subjects we have mentioned, there are two small costume-pictures by Gues. Soldiers, in slashed doublets and leather top-boots, in one picture hold a magnificent pennon, rich in color, and heavy with gold embroidery. The soldier in the other painting is acting as a sentry. There is also a small cattle-piece by Van Marcke, a pupil of Troyon. This artist has the touch and manner of the master, united with individual feeling and conception.

THE ninth annual exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors will

be opened to the public in the galleries of the National Academy of Design on Monday, January 31st, and will continue four weeks. Works for the exhibition will be received from the 12th to the 19th proximo. Drawings in black and white, as well as water-colors, will be admitted, but they must be original works, and never before have been exhibited in New York. The hanging committee is composed of artists who will be likely to rigorously exclude poor pictures; and, judging from the average annual increase in works sent in, they will have at least one thousand to select from. This will insure a high general merit; besides which, we know of a number of important drawings of special value now in preparation by prominent artists. Altogether, there is every prospect that the society will make a better show than that of last year. There will be the usual reception to artists and their friends on Saturday evening preceding the public opening. The exhibition this year is necessarily short, owing to the demands of the Academic Council, which requires that the galleries must be vacated on or before March 4th. The officers of the society hope in another year to have a suitable building for their exhibitions, exclusively under their own management. At the close of the exhibition in New York the collection, or such part of it as may be left unsold, is to be transferred to the galleries of the Brooklyn Art Association, where it will be exhibited two weeks. The officers also announce that they have secured one of the best galleries in the Centennial buildings, and are preparing to make a good display of work at the exhibition.

THE Crawford monument and group of statues at Richmond form the best piece of monumental sculpture in the country. But it stands in a city not usually visited by foreigners, and is unfamiliar, except in engravings, to the greater number of our own people. If it were practicable, and we believe it is, to have a copy taken in plaster full-size, and placed at the Centennial Exhibition, we should be able to show our visitors from abroad a specimen of art-work of a character larger in conception and better in execution than we are commonly supposed to possess. Plaster copies of colossal works of art may be seen in the School of Fine Arts at Paris; and hence it may be assumed that no insuperable obstacle exists to the erection at Philadelphia of a plaster-cast of the great Crawford group.

## From Abroad.

### OUR PARIS LETTER.

November 30, 1875.

THE papers are becoming very indiscreet on the subject of "L'Étrangère," the new comedy by Alexandre Dumas, so anxiously awaited by the public, and now in rehearsal at the Comédie Française. This piece, which is probably the most talked about of any literary work of the present season, will probably be produced early in February. It was only read by the author to the committee some two weeks ago. Various rumors about

the leading personage, or at least the one that gives her name to the piece, have been afloat, some declaring that *L'Etrangère* was no other than a portrait of the eccentric Princess de Metternich, others that the model thereof was the notorious Mrs. Blackford, whose career has evidently made a great impression on the imagination of Alexandre Dumas, to judge by the allusion which he makes to her in his preface to "Manon Lescaut." At all events, the fact that *L'Etrangère* herself is an American appears to be settled. She is one *Mistress* (sic!) *Clarkson*, a terrible creature, a stranger not only to France but to morality and decency as well. Her husband, an American of a very pronounced type, is one of the minor personages. This *Clarkson* has not been studied from any actual living model, but has been evolved merely from the depths of the inner consciousness of M. Dumas. Hence, if reports are to be believed, he is depicted as a gross, vulgar boor, who draws a pipe from his pocket to smoke at an evening *soirée*, and only puts it up at the request of the mistress of the house, and then after testifying the utmost astonishment at her objection. The cast is to comprise the very "flower of the basket" (to use a pretty French idiom) of the Comédie Française. The real heroine of the play is a titled lady—a duchess of the Faubourg St.-Germain. This elegant personage has fallen to the share of the *blanche* Croizette, while to Sarah Bernhardt—elegant, poetic, talented, and touching—has been allotted the part of *L'Etrangère*; a curious reversal of things as they ought to be. But Mademoiselle Croizette is in truth what she is often significantly called—namely, "the mistress of the house" at La Comédie, and consequently she has first choice of a part in any piece in which she may be called upon to play. The male characters are to be taken by Got, Delaunay, Febvre, Coquelin, and Laroche. After the close of the reading of the comedy, M. Dumas, as is usual in such cases, retired. A unanimous vote of acceptance from the *sociétaires* followed, and then one of them remarked: "Gentlemen, let us call back M. Dumas, and do not even say to him that his piece is received; it would be impertinent to hint that there was ever the slightest doubt on the subject."

I have lately had the pleasure of an introduction to M. Théodore Barrière, the well-known and brilliant dramatist, whose "Scandales d'Hier" is now drawing crowded houses at the Vaudeville. He is a tall, slender, aristocratic-looking gentleman, apparently about fifty years of age, with dark, silver-threaded hair, keen, dark eyes, finely-cut but attenuated features, and a heavy black mustache. The right of translation and reproduction of "Les Scandales d'Hier" for America has already been sold to M. Théodore Michaëlis and to Mr. Samuel French. On being complimented on its brilliant and deserved success, M. Barrière remarked modestly that it was so admirably acted that even a bad piece could hardly fail of success with such a cast; and he went on to say that he had built more hopes upon others among his works that had failed for want of proper interpretation. "Better a poor play well acted," he added, "than a good one badly performed." Probably he was thinking of his "Chemin de Damas," which fell flat at the Vaudeville last season. But, with all due deference to M. Barrière, I am willing to assert that the acting of Rosai and Ristori combined could hardly have availed to save that well-written, pretentious, but most stupid play from its well-deserved fate.

An account has recently been published of one of the most curious and ancient of existing typographical establishments, the printing-house of the Plantin family at Antwerp, which has been in existence since the sixteenth century, and the archives of which have been most carefully preserved. The city of Antwerp has under consideration a project for purchasing the establishment and its contents, and it is from the interesting report made by M. Naut to the Communal Council of that city that the following facts are taken: The founder of the house was one Christopher Plantin, born in France in 1514, who established himself at Antwerp in 1550, and five years later he purchased the large mansion on the Marché du Vendredi, which became the seat of his typographical works, and which has served as a residence for his descendants until the present day. Thence he filled the civilized world with his publications and with his renown. He contrived to win the confidence of the terrible Philip II., notwithstanding his avowed abhorrence of the Inquisition, and of its peculiar features, the torture and the stake. The King of France and the Duke of Savoy strove to win the illustrious printer to their dominions by the most tempting offers, but he steadfastly refused to leave his beloved city of Antwerp. He died in 1589, at the age of seventy-five, leaving his house and his numerous works to his son-in-law Jean Moretus. At the time of his death he possessed twenty-two presses, and had established a branch-house in Paris. From that epoch till the end of the last century, the wealthy house lost nothing either of its prestige or its importance. Passing from heir to heir, from generation to generation, it has come down intact to our own times, and forms one of the most curious literary monuments not only of Belgium but of the world. In the present house are still preserved the first two presses ever possessed by Christopher Plantin. They are still in working order, and a proof was taken from one of them by the Queen of the Belgians during a recent visit. All the primitive material of the establishment has been preserved. The stalls and tables for the correctors and workmen stand in their original places, and the hall in which they work, with its massive ceiling in carved oak, and its curious windows with small-paned lattices and wrought-iron fastenings, is one of the most interesting of existing relics of the household architecture of the sixteenth century. The room formerly occupied by Justin Lipsius when correcting proofs retains its antique furniture and its hangings of Cordova tapestry. In the correctors' room is preserved the type of the house from its origin to the commencement of the present century. The firm possesses a mass of rare manuscripts, documents, etc., amounting to over eleven thousand pieces, and comprising valuable and curious historical documents, autographs of great interest and value, such as those of Rubens, Vandyck, etc., and a quantity of interesting matter, valuable for a complete history of the art of printing. It would take years to classify and arrange this immense and priceless collection. The copperplates and wood-blocks of the numerous publications of the house are in perfect order and preservation. The copperplates amount in number to twenty-seven hundred and thirty-seven, all of Anverso artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and the number of the wood-blocks is estimated at fifteen thousand. The collection of engravings is extremely important. They number over two thousand, of which many are proofs before letter, and comprise the works of most of the

master-engravers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Four large albums contain the drawings made for the house, among which are eleven by Rubens, accompanied by a receipt signed by him. Nearly all the important Flemish artists are represented in these albums. As to the library, it contains specimens of all the works issued by Plantin and his descendants, as well as copies of works issued by rival houses, such as Etienne, the Elzevirs, etc. Nearly all the books are anterior to the middle of the eighteenth century. The library contains nine thousand volumes, including two hundred and three manuscripts. Among the latter are to be found the "Biblia Sacra" of 1402, in two volumes, a magnificent work, ornamented with colored designs, for which twenty-five thousand francs (five thousand dollars) has been offered; the "Apocalypse" of the fifteenth century, and the "Chronicle of Jean Froissart" of the same period, in three volumes. Among the printed volumes is to be found the celebrated Polyglot Bible, published by Plantin, and still bearing the notes and corrections of Arias Montanus.

The possessions of the firm, exclusive of the manuscripts and the library, have been estimated at over forty thousand dollars. It is to be hoped that the collections of this curious and interesting establishment will be kept together and not dispersed by public sale, as is now threatened, in case the city of Antwerp does not become their purchaser.

The literary news of the week is unimportant, owing to the approach of the holidays, and the consequent absorption of booksellers and publishers in the peculiar forms of trade incidental to the season. Dentu has issued Hector Malot's "Marquise de Lucillière," a continuation of his "Colonel de Chaprillan," and one or two other unimportant novels have seen the light. The articles on "Alsace and Lorraine in 1875," from the pen of Jules Claretie, now in course of publication in *L'Eclair*, has procured for that paper its suppression by the German authorities in the two provinces in question. I gave some extracts from the first numbers of the series a few weeks ago. Erekmann-Chatrion's "History of a Conservative" is still running as a feuilleton in *Le Rappel*. John Lemoine's articles in *Les Débats*, on the late purchase of the Suez Canal shares by the English Government (an affair which, by-the-way, has created an immense excitement here), are wonderfully able, and have attracted a great deal of notice and of commendation.

M. Patin, the secretary of the Academy, is dangerously ill. He is over eighty years of age. Dejazet and Frédéric Lemaître still survive, though both these aged theatrical celebrities are in a dying condition—Dejazet from dropsy of the chest, and Lemaître from an internal cancer. M. Schneider, the former president of the Corps Législatif, died of apoplexy at his superb hotel on the Rue Boudreau last week. The remains of Carpeaux were transported to Valenciennes the other day, and there interred with much pomp and ceremony. The City Council and the Académie Council received the body at the railway-station. It was then transported to a chapel erected on one of the large vestibules of the Academy, where it remained all day to receive the homage of the fellow-citizens and admirers of the celebrated sculptor. The coffin was loaded with crowns and bouquets long before the close of the day. Yesterday morning the funeral took place in the midst of an enormous crowd. The ceremonial is said to have been magnificent. The father, mother, and children of the deceased were present, but not his

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life, a cloud of scandal of a very real but undefined nature having enveloped the marital relations of Carpeaux.

A few days ago a celebrity of the past died at Colmar—the Captain Richard who enjoyed a few days' renown many years ago as the captor of Prince Louis Napoleon at Strasburg in 1836. The prince, surrounded by his accomplices, had gone to the barracks of Finkmatt to harangue the soldiers. The troops were wavering, when Captain (then Sergeant) Richard stepped from the ranks and resolutely arrested the prince. This daring soldier retained, strange to say, his grade under the Empire. He was made captain at the siege of Sevastopol, and received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

Two musical events have signalized the past week—the production of "Don Juan" at the Grand Opéra, and the first performance of an Italian opera troupe at the Salle Ventadour. The first-named performance attracted a great deal of attention. The house was densely crowded in every part, though the display of toilets was by no means brilliant. As to the performance itself, it was the old story at this house—superb scenery, an exquisite ballet, and (always excepting Faure) an absurdly weak cast. Mademoiselle Krauss was indeed a very tolerable *Donna Anna*, but poor, fat, old Gueymard as *Donna Elvira*, and poor, fat, young Vergnet as *Don Ottavio*, were dismal to behold and to hear. Then Mielan Carvalho, as *Zerlina*, did indeed look pretty and young and winning enough for the character, and, had she only kept her mouth shut, she would have gotten along very well, but, unfortunately, *Zerlina* is obliged to sing, and the worn and wavering voice of the once fine artist was something painful to listen to. Gailhard makes a better *Leporello* than he does a *Mephistopheles*, but he is a thoroughly unintelligent performer; there are no brains apparently back of his big *physique* and big voice. The great feature of the evening was, of course, the *Don Juan* of Faure, and the great barytone literally surpassed himself, both vocally and dramatically. The scenery was exquisite, particularly the opening scene (a street in Madrid by night), the gloomy and moonlight cemetery, wherein stands the statue of the *Commandatore*, and the ballroom of *Don Juan's* palace, all lights, statues, gilding, and flowers.

As to the Italian opera, the season was inaugurated with a performance of Verdi's "Rigoletto," with the great barytone Graziani as the unfortunate jester. His acting and singing were both extremely fine. But the *Gilda* of the evening was a Mademoiselle St.-Urbain, who is forty years old at the very least, and immensely stout. "She could replace at need the elephant in the 'Tour du Monde,'" said one malicious critic. "She resembles Albion," said another, "only it is the elephant before it swallowed the nightingale."

LUCY H. HOOPER.

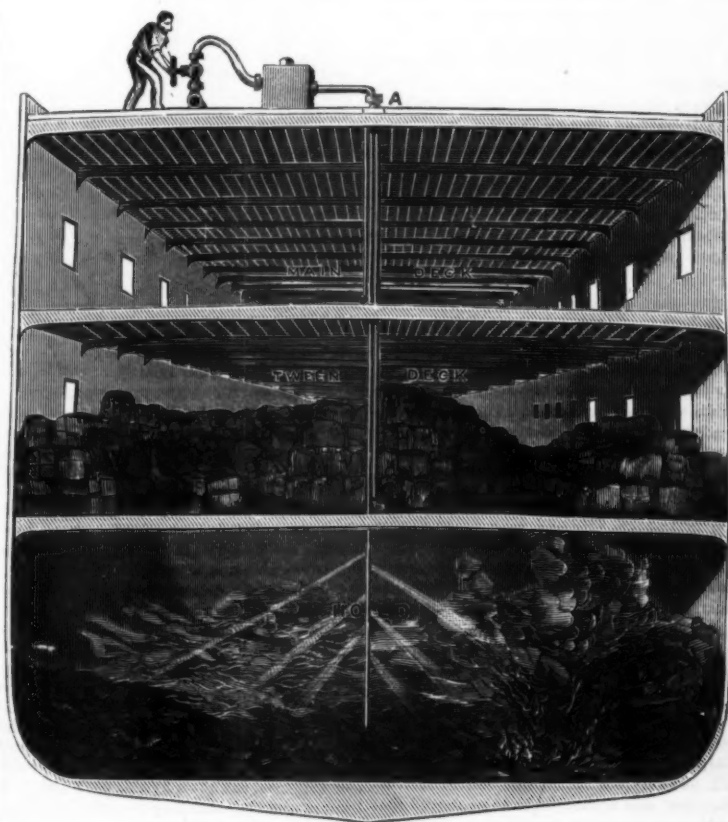
## Science, Invention, Discovery.

### EXTINCTION OF FIRE IN SHIPS.

A RUSSIAN naval officer recently secured honor and promotion owing to a single "happy thought" bravely executed. It appears that the ship it was his fortune to command carried in her magazine an unusual amount of powder and explosive missiles. While at anchor in an Eastern harbor the watch reported the ship on fire. A hasty examination determined the location of the

fire to be in the coal-bunkers, immediately adjacent to the magazine. Discovering that, with the means at command, it would be impossible to stay the flames before they should reach the magazine, the order was at once given and as promptly executed to "sink the ship." A hole quickly opened below the water-line effected this result, and the next day saw the ship pumped out and on the ways for "trifling repairs," while the officer, whose presence of mind saved not only his ship but those of the fleet in the midst of which he anchored, was rewarded by promotion. In view of the fact that this ship was at anchor in a safe and shallow harbor, the course of the captain was without question a wise one, and his honors fairly earned. Had the fire,

posed to accomplish this end, carbonic-acid gas is the most in favor—and this with good reason. In the first place, it can be readily and cheaply generated, as by the treatment of marble with sulphuric acid; then it is a heavy gas, and thus, when projected into the lower hold, will fill the vessel by displacement; and, again, its presence can in no way work injury to the cargo. Among the simplest devices proposed for the use of this gas, we have before described one as follows: along the bottom of the vessel boxes or leaden cans filled with broken marble are placed, leading to these boxes are lead tubes connected with receivers on deck; these contain the acid which, when admitted to the marble, causes a generation of the gas. A second



however, been discovered when the ship was in midst of a tempestuous sea, the result would have needs been fatal to ship and all on board, and the record of "burned at sea" would have alone been entered to tell the story of man's vain struggle against the elements. Though in the recital of this incident we read nothing of the action of the Admiralty in favor of more efficient devices for preventing its recurrence, yet it is evident from the many plans proposed—some of which have been noticed in these columns—that the attention of owners and underwriters has been directed with increased earnestness to the actual need of some simple, efficient, and positive method for extinguishing fire in the hold of a vessel. Among the agents pro-

posed to accomplish this end, carbonic-acid gas is the most in favor—and this with good reason. In the first place, it can be readily and cheaply generated, as by the treatment of marble with sulphuric acid; then it is a heavy gas, and thus, when projected into the lower hold, will fill the vessel by displacement; and, again, its presence can in no way work injury to the cargo. Among the simplest devices proposed for the use of this gas, we have before described one as follows: along the bottom of the vessel boxes or leaden cans filled with broken marble are placed, leading to these boxes are lead tubes connected with receivers on deck; these contain the acid which, when admitted to the marble, causes a generation of the gas. A second

seems to be a decided one, and, so far, has interfered with a general adoption of the plan.

An English inventor, Captain W. H. Thompson, by a judicious and eminently practical combination of these two methods, has succeeded in perfecting a device that has secured the indorsement of the directors of the "White Star Line" of steamers, upon two of which—the *Britannic* and *Germanic*—the apparatus has already been fitted. A reference to the accompanying illustration will render the following description of Captain Thompson's method plain to the reader: At a point *A* on the upper-deck midships, a series of four iron pipes project, and are, when not in use, closed by screw-caps. These pipes terminate below respectively in the main-deck, 'tween-deck, hold, and coal-bunkers. To the right of this line of projecting pipes is a second single one leading from the boilers below, and half-way between this steam-pipe and the other four is a large box, in which carbonic-acid gas can be generated by some one of the usual methods.

Let it be supposed that, as in the case of the Russian ship, a fire has broken out in the coal-bunkers. In such a case, the first order would be to close all the openings to the bunkers, in order that the extinguishing agents may not be too widely or uselessly distributed. The reagents needed to generate the gas are then brought together in the box, and connection between it and the nozzle of the pipe leading to the bunkers is established, as here shown. When all is in readiness, the steam-valve is opened, and at once a blast of steam enters the box, where it combines with the carbonic acid, and these two powerful agents rush on and downward together. The carbonic acid, aided by the energy imparted to it by the steam, soon finds its way to the seat of the conflagration, and, replacing the air that favored the combustion, acts as a wet blanket, smothering and finally extinguishing the flames. In order that the distribution of the steam and gas may be as general and positive as possible, the conducting-pipes, on entering their special precinct, are perforated along their sides, the steam emerging from these holes in the manner indicated in the illustration. It will be seen from the method of its construction that this apparatus is so contrived that either gas or steam may be used alone. In the former case, however, it is evident that the gas must not only be generated in increased quantity, but under sufficient pressure to secure an immediate distribution through the pipe into the desired apartment.

The inventor of this apparatus also commands one of the vessels—the *Britannic*—upon which it has been fitted, and has doubtless given attention to all the needed details of its construction. Certainly, the device as here illustrated is simple enough in construction, and there seems little reason to doubt but that it will compass the desired end. Should experience—though we trust it may be long delayed—establish its claims, it will then be imperative to demand of ship-owners an adoption of it upon all ocean-going steamers.

On the appearance of Sir John Lubbock's first paper recording his observations on ants and bees, we presented an extended review of the author's experiments and the conclusions deduced from them. These conclusions, it may be remembered, were briefly to the effect that these insects do not, as a rule, possess, or at least practise, the communicative faculty—that is, having found a store of honey or food, they do not communicate the information to their friends or collaborators. So contrary was this opinion to the popular belief, that many observers and bee-keepers were led to question the thoroughness of Sir John's observation, for which reason he has been led to repeat or vary the tests, with a view to a final verification or retraction of his former statements. The results of these continued observations were embodied in a recent paper read before the Linnean Society.

As may rightly be judged from the observer and his theme, this last report is one of exceeding interest and significance, and, as many of the experiments were of a character which will admit of a repetition by those specially interested, we are prompted to condense from this paper somewhat at length:

The first test was of the same order as the former one made with bees, and was instituted with a view to determine whether ants communicate their good fortune to their companions. A small heap of larvæ was placed within a few feet of a nest of small red ants. A single ant was then placed on the larvæ-heap, and her movements watched from eleven o'clock in the morning till after seven in the evening. During this time she made eighty-six journeys from the larvæ to the nest, carrying off one each time; but, although so busy, and with the precious store lying so long exposed, she brought no other ant to aid her in removing it. In a second instance a single ant bore off one hundred and eighty larvæ in a single day. Other trials, however, resulted differently; and, being in doubt whether in these cases the ants purposely brought assistance, or whether the aid was the result of accident merely, the following final test was made.

Having taken two ants, the one was placed on a heap of larvæ, and the other on a group of two or three only. In this latter case, however, a larva was always put in the place of the one carried off. It was then observed that the ant placed on the large group of larvæ brought far more friends to its assistance than the one which had but a few to remove. Thus it appears that the question, so far as regards the ants, remains unsettled, with the weight of evidence, as shown by this final test, in favor of the view that they do seek for and secure all needed assistance.

Advancing another step, an ingenious and extremely interesting series of tests was made, with a view to settle a vexed question regarding the intelligence of ants. It appears that M. Lund states that, while in Brazil, he was passing one day under a tree which stood almost by itself, and was surprised to hear the leaves falling about him like rain. On examining the cause for this, he found that a number of ants had climbed the tree and were cutting off the leaves, which were then carried away by companions waiting below. This certainly sounds like a veritable "traveler's tale," and that it may justly be regarded as such appears from the following report which Sir John Lubbock gives of a kindred experiment:

"I placed a number of larvæ on a slip of glass, which I suspended by a tape, so that it hung one-third of an inch from the surface of

one of my artificial nests; isolating it, however, in such a manner that, for an ant to walk to the nest she would be obliged to go thirteen feet round, I then placed some black ants (*F. nigra*) on the glass with the larvæ. Each of them took a larva in the usual way, and then endeavored to go by the quickest road home. They leaped over the glass, and made every effort to reach down, but of course in vain, though the distance was so small that they could all but touch the nest with their antennæ, and even in one or two cases succeeded in getting down by stepping on to the back of an ant below. Those, however, which did not meet with any such assistance, gradually, though at first requiring some help from me, found their way round to the nest, and after a short time there was quite a string of ants passing to and fro from the nest to the larvæ, although it would have been so easy for them to throw the larvæ over the edge of the glass, or to go straight home, if they would have faced a drop of, say, one-tenth of an inch."

With a true natural philosopher's faith in the wisdom of all of Nature's children, it is not surprising that Sir John should confess with reluctance that this experiment, which he tried several times, "surprised him very much."

Having in the former paper taken the ground that bees did not as a rule communicate the discovery of honey to other bees, the following test was made: Having placed some honey in a flower-pot laid on its side, a bee was introduced through the small orifice in the bottom. Under these circumstances, from a quarter to seven in the morning till a quarter-past seven at night, she made fifty-nine journeys to and from her nest, and only one other bee found her way to the honey. The conclusion here reached is the same as that hitherto presented—namely, that, when honey is concealed so that it would not naturally be found by others, the bee in the possession of the secret will not or cannot divulge it. This same test was made with wasps with like results: only when the honey was exposed did others come. "I trained," he writes, "a wasp to come to some honey, which I placed in a box communicating with the outside by an India-rubber tube six inches in length and one-third of an inch in diameter. She came to this honey continuously for three days, during which time no other wasp found the honey."

Though this last paper presents many other facts of great interest, we will omit further reference to all save one, which opens a rich field for inquiry and speculation. This fact relates to the question as to whether bees possess the faculty of distinguishing colors, and as to how this question was answered we will refer to the author's own recital, given as follows:

"I found that bees soon accustomed themselves to look for honey on papers of particular colors. For instance, on September 18th I placed a bee to some honey on a slip of glass on green paper, and, after she had made twelve journeys to and from the hive, I put red paper where the green had been, and placed another drop of honey on a green paper, at a distance of about a foot. The bee returned, however, to the honey on the green paper. I then gently moved the green paper, with the bee on it, back to the old place. When the bee had gone, I replaced the green paper by a yellow one, and put the green again a foot off. After the usual interval, she returned again to the green. I repeated the same proceeding, but with orange paper instead of green. She returned again to the green. I now did the same with white paper; she returned again to the green. Again I tried her with blue; she again came to the green. I then reversed the position of the blue and green papers, but still she returned to the green. I repeated this experiment with other bees, and with the same result, though it

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seemed to me that in some cases they did not distinguish so clearly between green and blue as between green and other colors. In other respects they seemed to adhere equally closely to any color to which they were made accustomed."

CERTAIN Continental microscopic slide-preparers have been detected in a fraud which, if not thoroughly ventilated, may result in most serious inconvenience, and possible danger to the cause of learning. "It appears," writes Mr. W. G. Letsom, to the *Academy*, "that many polariscope objects are offered for sale purporting to be plates of minerals, which are nothing more than ingenious manipulations of colored glass and cheap minerals. Thus, apatite, for instance, is imitated by means of a dark-red glass, in which is placed a thin section of calcite. The combination is then mounted in Canada balsam between two plates of glass." An optician in Berlin is credited with the authorship of this deception, and why his name is withheld we are at a loss to understand.

It is said that if seeds of barley-corn, etc., be placed between moist pieces of litmus-paper, the roots, as they grow, stick to the paper, and color it an intense red. By an addition of the tincture of litmus, this red color may be greatly intensified. This result would seem to indicate the separation from the roots of a strong non-volatile acid, and the fact, as here demonstrated, may be one of marked significance in vegetable chemistry and physiology.

THAT our readers may be prepared for any subsequent revelations on the subject, we would state that Mr. Edison, of Newark, claims to have discovered either a new force or a modification of electric force, which, if it accomplish one-half that is claimed for it, will effect far more for the cause of progress than we dare to conceive. But of this more when more is known.

FROM recent reports, it would appear that Mr. Stanley and his sail-boat Lady Alice will soon have to compete with an English steamer for the honor of exploration on the Albert Nijanza. Colonel Gordon has, it appears, succeeded in ascending the river to a point above the rapids, whence a passage to the lake is unobstructed.

In his will, dated October 16, 1875, Sir Charles Wheatstone bequeaths all his scientific books and instruments to the corporation of King's College, London. This gift is accompanied by a legacy of twenty-five hundred dollars, for the further purchase of scientific instruments.

## Miscellanea.

"SOCIAL Gleanings," by Mark Boyd, author of "Reminiscences of Fifty Years," is fresh from the London press. It has many anecdotes, of which we glean a few:

A friend of mine, during a stay at the seaside, sent her maid for some books to the library. The damsel returned with an armful of novels which she produced triumphantly. "There, ma'am," she said, "there's 'Oscar and Belinda'; or, Love Indeed; there's 'Zelia's Escape, and the Depths of Woe!' Would you think, ma'am, the man wanted me to bring 'The Life of Pitt,' in four volumes; but I was not a-going to take that. I read it

over all through to my last mistress. It's just the 'orriblest book you can conceive. What that there Stanhope wanted to write about Pitt for, I can't tell. Who can care to know about 'im who never said or did a hinteresting thing in his life. He was only in love half a page, and it come to nothink. Well! people will lose their time to be sure with such like trash, and the more they're bored the wiser they think themselves. The hidear of writing about 'im." My friend described the air and style of this delivery as irresistible. Macaulay says that "Pitt is claimed by Whigs and Tories as belonging to each party." Agreed; yet after the lapse of more than half a century his reputation has apparently not yet reached the servants' hall.

Those who with the writer can look back forty years or more, may recollect a native of the "Silver-Coated Isle," an *habitué* of Paris, who was conspicuous from his *penchant* for hanging on to the skirts of royalty. At the same time he had another great quality, of occasionally giving excellent dinners. Lord Alvanley was in Paris, and his friend came one morning to him to ask his advice. He the day previous had been ignobly kicked by a subject of King William IV. "What am I to do, Lord Alvanley?"—"Do!" said the facetious lord, "why, call him out."—"No, Alvanley, that is treating the matter too seriously; but I thought of writing to him to ask for an apology."—"He is not such a fool as to write an apology; therefore, unless you send him a message by a friend to demand personal satisfaction, there is but one alternative."—"What is that?"—"Sit down whenever you see him."

A friend used to relate an anecdote of his first visit to Paris during its occupation by the allied armies after Waterloo. He was, like myself, extremely bald. At that time Englishmen were terribly victimized in the French capital. He entered a hairdresser's to be operated upon, and was thunderstruck to find himself charged ten francs. "Ten francs," exclaimed my friend, "for cutting my hair!"—"Oh, no, monsieur, not for cutting your hair, but for finding *de hair* to cut."

A Scotch gentleman of fortune, on his death-bed, asked the minister "whether, if he left ten thousand pounds to the kirk, his salvation would be certain." The cautious minister responded, "I would na like to be positive, but it's weel worth the trying." The gentleman paid the money, and soon afterwards gave up the ghost.

A witty, popular, and learned lord on the northern side of the Tweed, tells a story of a Scotch wife, shortly after the nuptial-knot had been tied, mildly expostulating with her husband for indulging in two tumblers of whiskey-toddy just before going to bed. "My dear Agnes, a glass o' whiskey-toddy makes anither man o' me."—"But, my dear William, you take two."—"Ay, Agnes, that gangs to the ither man."

An English traveler arrived at one of those comfortable inns in the north of Scotland, although probably ranking below Dalnacardoch or Dalwhinnie, and told the landlord he felt unwell, at which the latter expressed his regret.

"What medical officer," said he, "have you here?" "Medical officer, div ye say, sir?"—"I wish to see a physician." "What-kin kind o' mon is he?"—"Confound it, I want some medicine." "Weel, sir, we've only two medicines in this pairt o' the coun-

try: tar for the outside of the sheep, and whiskey for the inside o' oursels."

An American friend of mine, a distinguished author, who has always something good to tell me, described the respective positions of two rival up-country American newspaper editors before the time of the electric telegraph.

The editor of the inferior paper was superior to his rival in one respect, inasmuch as, being possessed of a longer purse, he could command at all times horse-express communication with New York and Washington; therefore his paper's deficiency in editorial ability was more than compensated or recouped by early intelligence.

A cute Yankee of the district one day entered the private room of the less affluent editor, and warmly condoled with him on the vexation caused him by his opponent's advantage; but he made an important observation which commanded immediate attention. "I guess I can beat him and serve you."—"How?" asked the anxious editor. "I've got a lot of first-class carrier-pigeons which I can sell to you as cheap, or cheaper, as any bird o' the sort in the States, and I can command a lot more, if need be, up to two hundred."

The editor jumped at the offer, and the pigeon-expresses proved a success, so much so as almost to drive the rival editor wild. The Yankee waited until the pear was ripe, when he paid the express-editor a visit. "I guess, Mr. Editor, I feel very much for you, for that—d Mr. — is driving a wonderful trade with his pigeon-expresses; but I can beat him and serve you, and that pretty sharp."—"In what manner?"—"Why, by hawks. I have got two dozen tarnation sharp hawks, which I can sell to you as cheap, or cheaper, as any birds o' the sort were ever sold in the Northern States."

A bargain was at once struck, and a sharp lookout was kept whenever a pigeon was seen to be let loose from the other newspaper office. The hawks did their duty well by generally capturing their quarry.

The Yankee now paid the disappointed editor a visit, so soon as the success of the hawks over the pigeons was an established fact. "I guess, Mr. Editor, I feel very much for you, for I'm informed that that fellow's hawks are killing your pigeons; and I can make all that square for you, and pretty sharp!"—"What do you mean?"—"Why, Mr. Editor, I've got six eagles which I can sell you a bargain; and if they don't settle matters with the hawks, and that slick, I'm not the man I take myself to be."—"You are a d—d scoundrel! and if you don't take yourself off, and that pretty quick, I know somebody who will make you."

We were on a visit at the house of some friends, who the day previous had imported a fresh house-maid, bringing with her an excellent character from her last place. Our agreeable hostess came to us in the drawing-room to tell us that her new house-maid had already resigned. "She came to me to say that the house-keeper would not give her no elevens. I asked her what she meant by no elevens. 'Why, ma'am, bread-and-cheese, with beer, at eleven o'clock.' 'Oh, that is what you call your elevens. Now, house-maid, as I give my servants an excellent and substantial breakfast between eight and nine, and an equally good dinner between twelve and one; and, as I have no intention of giving elevens, I fear my place will not suit you.' 'Oh dear no, ma'am, I can remain in no lady's service who don't give no elevens.'"



A much-esteemed friend of mine, a naval officer, writes to me: "Here's one I never saw in print. Two jolly tars were one day passing St. Paul's, one of whom was trying to count the statues outside the building, when he remarked to his shipmate, 'Why, Julius thought as how there was twelve Apostles.' 'Well, so there was, but you wouldn't have 'em all on deck at once, would you?'"

FRANCIS GALTÓN, writing on twins, in *Fraser*, states that he had received about eighty returns of cases of close similarity, in many of which were curious and instructive details:

The manner and address of the thirty-five pairs of twins is usually described as being very similar, though there often exists a difference of expression familiar to near relatives, but unperceived by strangers. The intonation of the voice when speaking is commonly the same, but it frequently happens that the twins sing in different keys. Most singularly, that one point in which similarity is rare is the handwriting. I cannot account for this, considering how strongly handwriting runs in families, but I am sure of the fact.

One of my inquiries was for anecdotes as regards the mistakes made by near relatives between the twins. They are numerous, but not very varied in character. When the twins are children they have commonly to be distinguished by ribbons tied round their wrist or neck; nevertheless, the one is sometimes fed, physicked, and whipped, by mistake for the other, and the description of these little domestic catastrophes is usually given to me by the mother in a phraseology that is somewhat touching by reason of its seriousness. I have one case in which a doubt remains whether the children were not changed in their bath, and the presumed A is not really B, and vice versa. In another case an artist was engaged on the portraits of twins who were between three and four years of age; he had to lay aside his work for three weeks, and, on resuming it, could not tell to which child the respective likenesses he had in hand belonged. The mistakes are less numerous on the part of the mother during the boyhood and girlhood of the twins, but almost as frequent on the part of strangers. I have many instances of tutors being unable to distinguish their twin pupils.

No less than nine anecdotes have reached me of a twin seeing his or her reflection in a looking-glass, and addressing it in the belief it was the other twin in person. I have many anecdotes of mistakes when the twins were nearly grown up. Thus: "Amusing scenes occurred at college when one twin came to visit the other; the porter on one occasion refusing to let the visitor out of the college-gates, for, though they stood side by side, he professed ignorance as to which he ought to allow to depart."

I have four or five instances of doubt during an engagement of marriage. Thus: "A married first, but both twins met the lady together for the first time, and fell in love with her there and then. A managed to see her home and to gain her affections, though B went sometimes courting in his place, and neither the lady nor her parents could tell which was which." I have also a German letter, written in quaint terms, about twin brothers who married sisters, but could not easily be distinguished by them.

I have a few anecdotes of strange mistakes made between twins in adult life. Thus, an

officer writes: "On one occasion when I returned from foreign service, my father turned to me, and said, 'I thought you were in London,' thinking I was my brother—yet he had not seen me for nearly four years—but resemblance was so great."

The next and last anecdote I shall give is, perhaps, the most remarkable of those that I have. It was sent me by the brother of the twins, who were in middle life at the time of its occurrence: "A was again coming home from India on leave; the ship did not arrive for some days after it was due; the twin brother B had come up from his quarters to receive A, and their old mother was very nervous. One morning A rushed in, saying, 'O mother, how are you?' Her answer was, 'No, B, it's a bad joke; you know how anxious I am!' and it was a little time before A could persuade her that he was the real man."

## APPLETONS' JOURNAL

FOR JANUARY 1, 1876,

WILL CONTAIN THE FIRST CHAPTERS OF

"THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT,"

By Mrs. Macquorn, Author of "Patty," "My Story," etc., etc.;

First installment (in four parts) of

"A JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN,"

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE;

The opening chapters of

"GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO,"

By JAMES FREEMAN.

Mr. James Freeman, an American artist who has resided for thirty years in Rome, and during that time met many of the most distinguished men and women of the period, will give, under the above title, his reminiscences and experiences, which are of the most entertaining character. And other papers of interest.

## Notices.

### OUR FRIENDS WILL HAVE NOTICED the advertisement of Messrs. DECKER

BROTHERS in our pages for some time past. The foundation of the house was unostentatiously laid in 1862, with a small capital in money, but a capital large in experience in all that was necessary to produce instruments to sell to a critical public—experience gained by an acquaintance from their earliest youth with every (even the minutest) detail of the mechanism of the piano-forte, and by having filled the most responsible positions in the establishments of the earlier manufacturers of our time. They indulged in no rosy fancies of sudden popularity and a quickly-realized fortune. Of simple tastes, they undertook the business, not so much as a means to wealth as for the purpose of improving the manufacture. Being practical artisans themselves, and familiar with the capabilities of every man employed in the business in New York, they found no difficulty in securing the services of the highest skill for each department. Good mechanics prefer employment where their ability is not only well paid for, but is also properly appreciated, and the estimation in which the DECKER BROTHERS were held was such as to cause the leading journeymen in other factories to seek engagements at their hands. The instruments manufactured by this firm fully realized the standard of what a well-made piano, for tone and durability, should be. The firm is one of the most prominent of representative piano-forte makers in the world, having won their proud position by the intrinsic merits of the instruments of its make. Their ware-rooms, at 33 Union Square, are well designed for their business, and afford every opportunity for testing the tone and for the inspection of the finish of their pianos.

### WE COPY THE FOLLOWING in regard to the fur-trade from the *New York Tribune*:

"Among holiday-presents there seem to be none more appropriate to the season, and, on that account, more welcome to the fortunate recipients of them, than articles of fur. At the fur-house of C. G. GUNTHER'S, Sons, at No. 502 Broadway, a very fine stock of furs has been collected for the holiday-trade. This is headquarters for the fur-trade, the house having the recognized leadership. The members of the firm state that this winter bids fair, notwithstanding the financial stringency, to be very profitable to fur-dealers. The rich furs, which have been very much in demand for a few years, are even more sought for this winter. This is especially true of seal-skin, which is more universally worn than ever before, in the shape of caps, mufflers, sacsques, etc. The peculiarly rich, dark color of the fur of the seal, its fine lustre, velvety softness, and enduring qualities, account for the favor with which it is regarded. Ladies' sacsques made of seal-skin, plain or trimmed with silver-fox, otter, and other furs of contrasting colors, are exhibited by the Messrs. GUNTHER in great variety, as to shape, size, richness of material, and cost. Some of these cost \$350. Hats, caps, mufflers, and other articles of dress made of the same fur, are sold at prices varying with the quality of the material. Among the other much-prized furs are Russian sable, a set of which, consisting usually of a muff and boa, costs from \$300 to \$1,200; Hudson's Bay sable, which is fine but much cheaper than Russian sable; silver, black, and blue fox furs. Chinchilla is used chiefly for trimmings on other furs. The fur of the silver fox is especially valued on account of its brilliancy. It is of a light, bluish-gray color, sprinkled with glistening white points. Both mink and ermine have lost much of their popularity recently, but they are still worn on account of their durability. Ermine costs only about half as much as formerly. Many articles are made of Alaska sable or black marten fur. This is very durable, and a muff and boa made of it are sold for from \$15 to \$25."

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